



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH *Tommy* TOMORROW



10¢

52 BIG
PAGES

ACTION COMICS

NO.148 SEPT.

AN AMAZING
ADVENTURE OF THE
PAST--

**"SUPERMAN,
INDIAN CHIEF!"**





SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE INDIANS SOLD TO THE WHITE MEN THE LAND WHERE THE CITY OF METROPOLIS NOW STANDS. TO PREVENT DISASTROUS EVENTS THREATENED BY A CLEVER SCHEMER, SUPERMAN HAS TO GO BACK THREE CENTURIES TO THAT TIME WHEN THE NEW WORLD WAS STILL NEW! AND IN THAT LONG-AGO WORLD OF FORESTS AND WARRIORS, THE MAN OF STEEL BECOMES...

**"SUPERMAN,
INDIAN CHIEF!"**



REPORTER LOIS LANE IS ALWAYS ALERT FOR A STORY! SO, AS SHE AND CLARK KENT RETURN TO THE DAILY PLANET ONE DAY...

LET'S SEE WHAT THAT FUNNY LITTLE MAN IS PUTTING UP, CLARK!

ALWAYS CURIOUS, AREN'T YOU?



MUST BE A GAG!

NOTICE
I, HENRY MEECHER, HEREBY GIVE NOTICE THAT I AM LEGAL OWNER OF ALL THE LAND IN METROPOLIS

NO, IT ISN'T, YOUNG MAN. I OWN EVERY FOOT OF LAND IN METROPOLIS, AND I CAN PROVE IT!



SAY, YOU, TAKE DOWN THAT CRAZY SIGN OR I'LL RUN YOU IN!

GO AHEAD AND ARREST ME, I'LL PROVE MY CASE IN COURT!

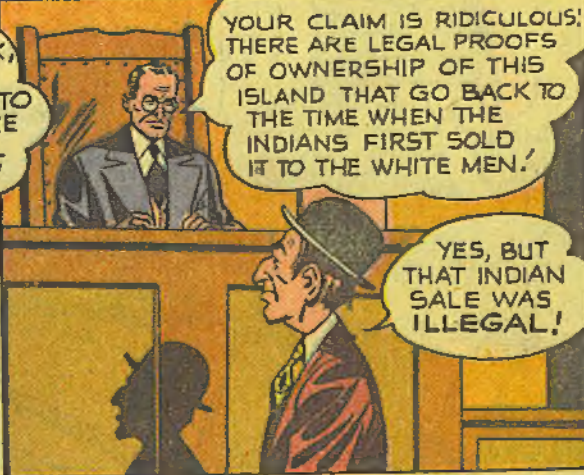
CLARK, THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A REAL STORY!



SOON, IN A METROPOLIS COURTROOM...

YOUR CLAIM IS RIDICULOUS! THERE ARE LEGAL PROOFS OF OWNERSHIP OF THIS ISLAND THAT GO BACK TO THE TIME WHEN THE INDIANS FIRST SOLD IT TO THE WHITE MEN!

YES, BUT THAT INDIAN SALE WAS ILLEGAL!



SEE? LOOK AT THESE DOCUMENTS! THE FIRST WHITE MEN, IN 1640, BOUGHT THIS ISLAND FROM GRAY WOLF, WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE CHIEF OF THE INDIAN TRIBE THAT OWNED IT! BUT THESE DOCUMENTS PROVE THAT GRAY WOLF WAS NOT CHIEF WHEN HE SOLD THE LAND!

HMM... SO IT WOULD SEEM... SO IT WOULD SEEM...



THEREFORE THE SALE WAS ILLEGAL! THE LAND HERE STILL BELONGS TO THE INDIANS! AND AS LAST PART-DESCENDANT OF THE TRIBE, IT BELONGS TO ME!

WE'LL HAVE THESE DOCUMENTS TESTED!



LATER, A CROWDED COURTROOM HEARS THE FATEFUL DECISION!

THE DOCUMENTS ARE GENUINE! GRAY WOLF WHO SOLD THE LAND, WAS NOT CHIEF AT THE TIME! THEREFORE THE SALE WAS ILLEGAL, AND SINCE MEECHER IS THE LAST DESCENDANT OF THE TRIBE, HE DOES OWN ALL THE LAND IN METROPOLIS!

WOW! WHAT A STORY!

DISMAY SWEEPS METROPOLIS AS THE INCREDIBLE NEWS SPREADS!

THIS MEANS THE GROUND MY STORE STANDS ON DOESN'T REALLY BELONG TO ME!

NOR MY HOUSE-LOT!

DAILY PLANET
MEECHER OWNS METROPOLIS!

DISMAY BECOMES DESPAIR AS HENRY MEECHER, THE MAN WHO OWNS METROPOLIS, STARTS ENFORCING HIS CLAIMS!

YOUR SKYSCRAPER IS ON MY LAND! I'LL CHARGE YOU A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS MONTHLY RENT!

BUT I CAN'T PAY THAT MUCH! IT WOULD RUIN ME!

THEN GO AHEAD AND RAZE THE BUILDING, MEN!

POLICE! STOP THEM!

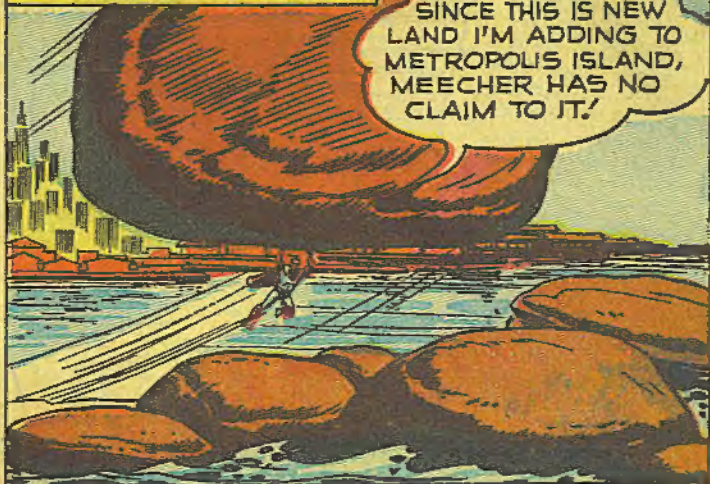
I CAN'T! MEECHER IS THE OWNER OF THE LAND!

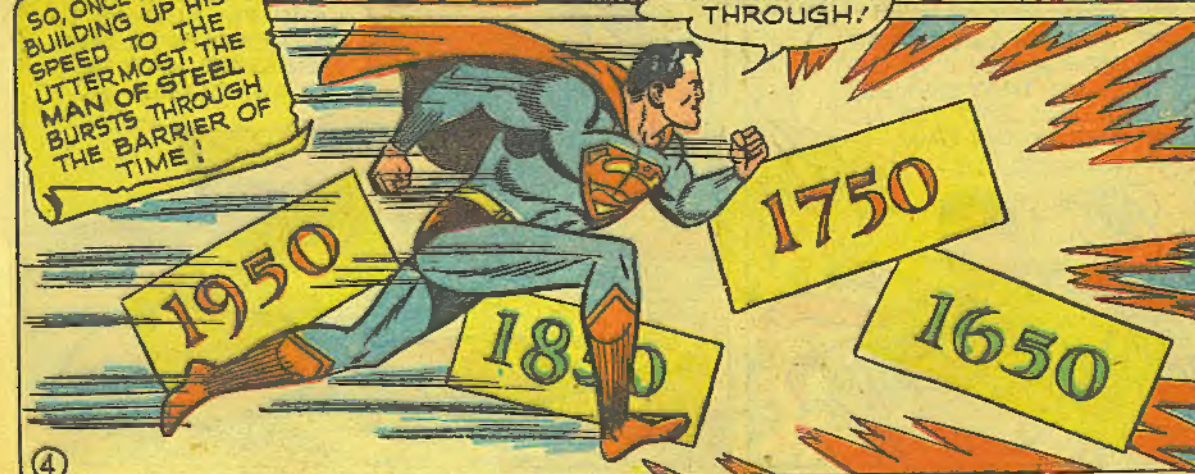
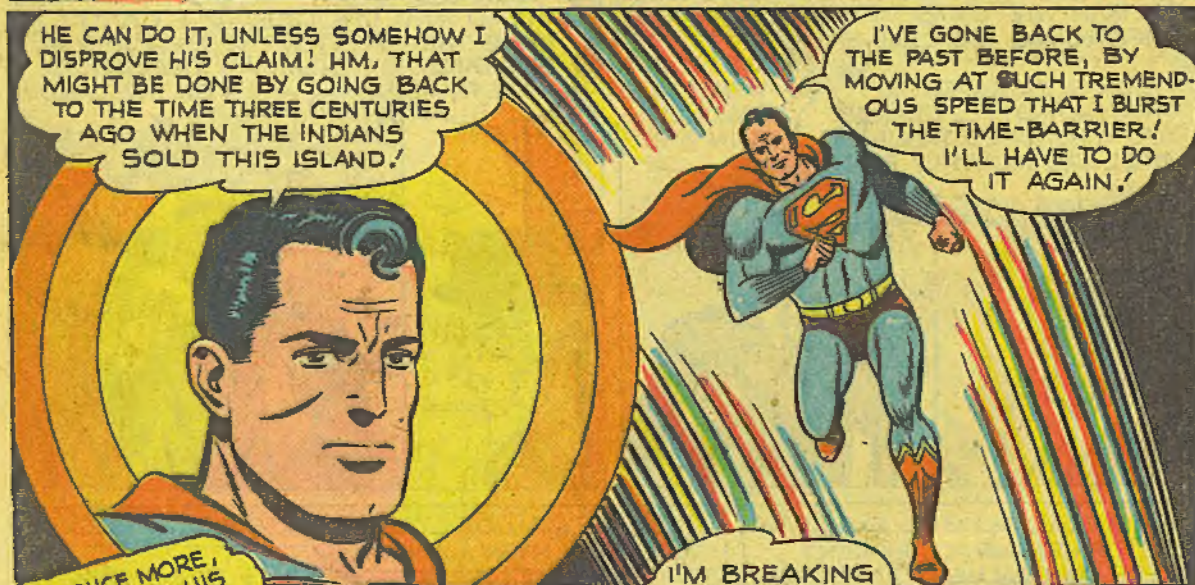
WITH A HASTILY MUMBLED EXCUSE TO LOIS FOR LEAVING, CLARK KENT SEEKS CONCEALMENT TO BECOME..

THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERMAN! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT OWNER'S BUILDING AND YET NOT BREAK THE LAW!

FIRST, THE MAN OF STEEL BRINGS GREAT ROCKS TO FORM NEW LAND!

SINCE THIS IS NEW LAND I'M ADDING TO METROPOLIS ISLAND, MEECHER HAS NO CLAIM TO IT!





METROPOLIS ISLAND -- IN 1644!

NOW TO FIND THE INDIAN TRIBE WHICH OWNS THIS ISLAND!



GRAY WOLF, CHIEF OF THE TRIBE, ADDRESSES HIS PEOPLE...

THE WHITE MEN WILL PAY US MANY GUNS FOR THIS ISLAND. WITH THE GUNS, WE CAN CONQUER ALL THE NORTHERN TRIBES!

BUT WE SMOKED THE PIPE OF PEACE WITH THOSE TRIBES!



I SAY WE WILL MAKE WAR!

CAN I GET A WORD IN HERE?



IF YOU MADE PEACE WITH THE OTHER TRIBES, STICK TO YOUR TREATY!

SILENCE THAT PALEFACE MEDDLER!



HE PLEADS FOR PEACE, SO HE MUST BE A COWARD! YOUR TOMAHAWKS WILL MAKE HIM CRY FOR MERCY!

MAYBE THE CRYING WILL BE ON THE OTHER SIDE!

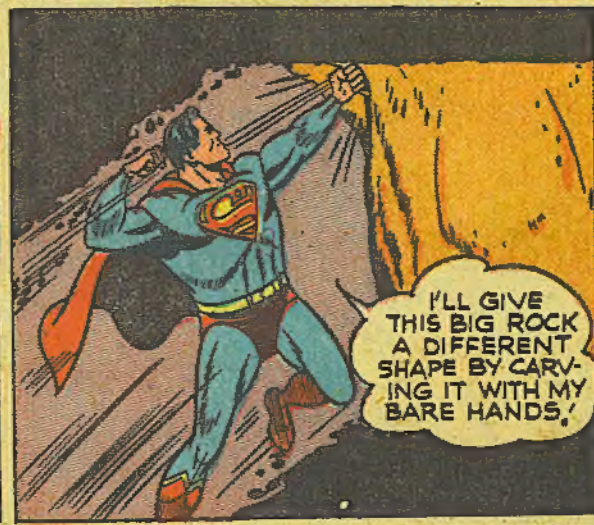
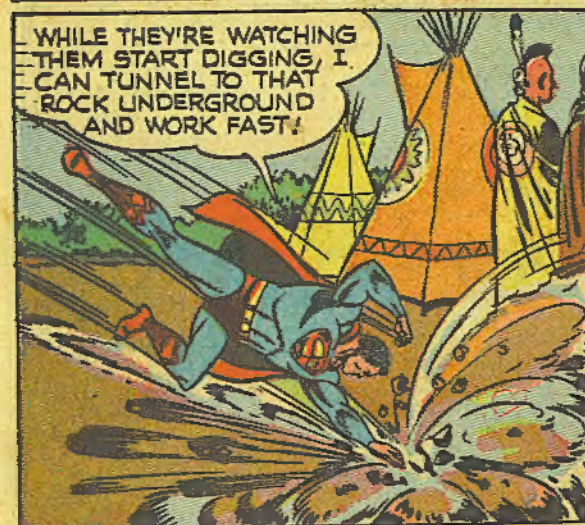
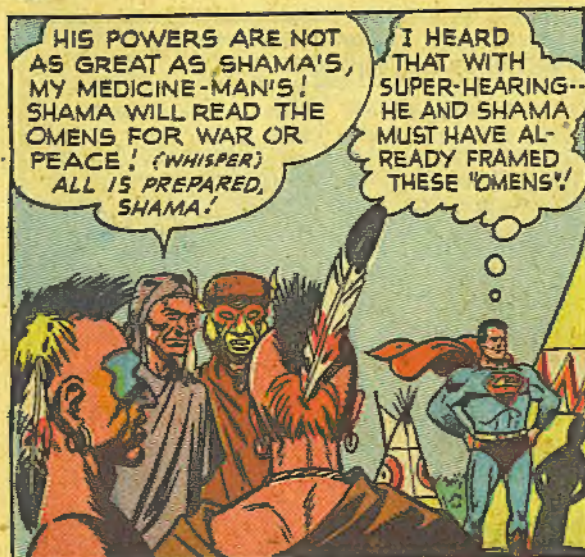


AS ARROWS, KNIVES AND TOMAHAWKS STRIKE THE INVULNERABLE MAN OF STEEL, THEY REBOUND AND...

OUR WEAPONS BOUNCE OFF HIM AND HIT OURSELVES!

THE STRANGER HAS MIGHTY MAGIC POWERS!





SQ, INHALING WITH HIS MIGHTY SUPER-BREATH...

THE SMOKE RECOILS ON SHAMA!

IT IS AN OMEN FOR PEACE!

BUT THE WILY MEDICINE-MAN IS NOT YET DEFEATED!

THE GREATEST--THE OMEN OF STORM! IF THAT STORM COMES DOWN UPON US, IT IS A SIGN OF WAR!

HE KNEW THE STORM WAS COMING AND THAT IT WOULD BLOW THIS WAY! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO CHANGE THAT NOW!

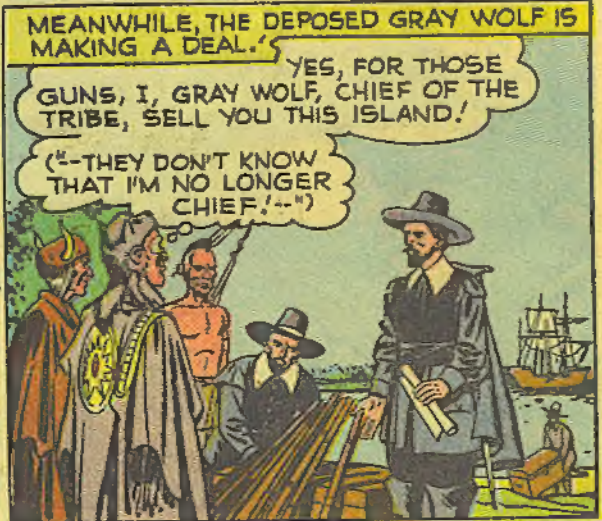
ZIPPING AT INVISIBLE SUPER-SPEED INTO THE HEART OF THE APPROACHING STORM-CLOUD...

MAYBE I CAN CONVERT THIS INTO A PEACE "OMEN", TOO!

WHIRLING, THE MAN OF STEEL SETS UP GREAT REVOLVING AIR-CURRENTS!

THESE CURRENTS WILL BREAK UP THE STORM-CLOUD AND SPREAD ITS MOISTURE OUT THINLY, TO FORM...

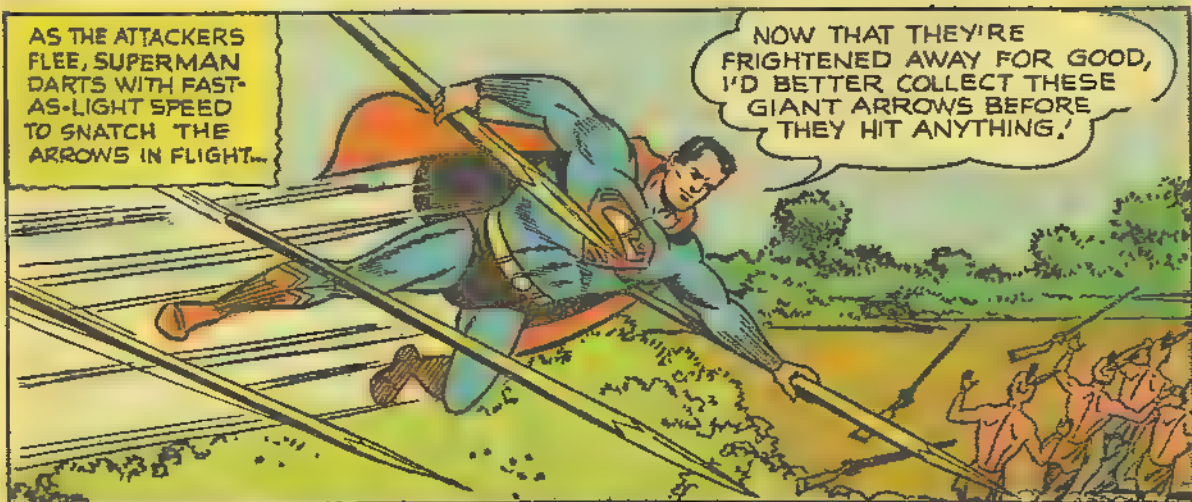
A GREAT RAINBOW--THE SIGN OF PEACE!





AS THE ATTACKERS FLEE, SUPERMAN DARTS WITH FAST-AS-LIGHT SPEED TO SNATCH THE ARROWS IN FLIGHT...

NOW THAT THEY'RE FRIGHTENED AWAY FOR GOOD, I'D BETTER COLLECT THESE GIANT ARROWS BEFORE THEY HIT ANYTHING.



HE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR LIKE AN EAGLE! WE WILL CALL HIM FLYING EAGLE!

WE'D BETTER FIND OUT HOW THEY GOT THESE GUNS!



WE PAID GRAY WOLF THE GUNS FOR THIS ISLAND--SEE, HE MADE HIS MARK ON THIS DEED!

THEN GRAY WOLF, BEING NO LONGER CHIEF, DID SELL THE ISLAND ILLEGALLY JUST AS MEECHER CLAIMS!



I HAD HOPED TO SEE THAT A LEGAL SALE WAS MADE--AND I'VE FAILED! I MAY AS WELL GO BACK!

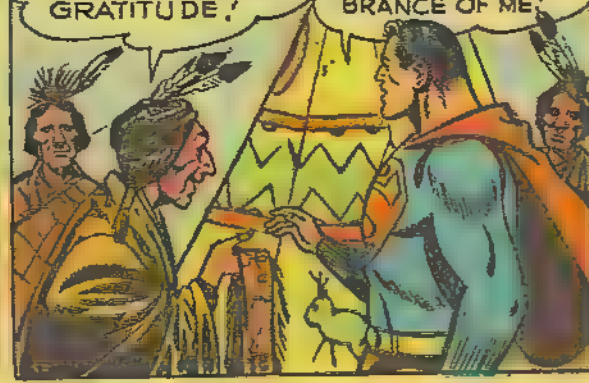
WE WISH YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE US, FLYING EAGLE!



SOON!! WE GIVE YOU THIS BELT OF HONOR, IN REWARD FOR WHAT YOU DID IN SAVING US FROM USELESS WAR! IT COMMEMORATES OUR GRATITUDE!

("I CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING BACK THROUGH TIME WITH ME!")

THANKS! PLEASE KEEP IT AS A REMEMBRANCE OF ME!



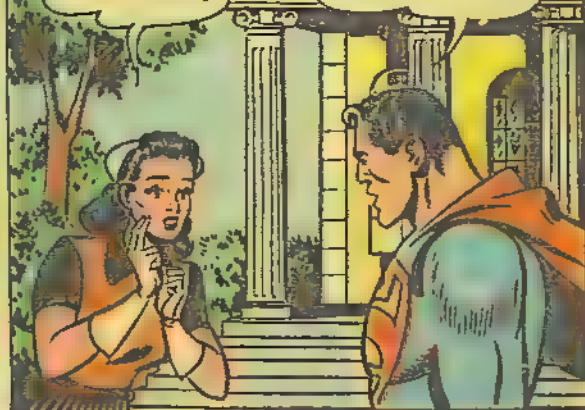
BACK TO THE PRESENT...

I HAVE TO RETURN AND ADMIT I FAILED!



THEN THE ILLEGAL SALE REALLY HAPPENED AS MEECHER CLAIMED?

YES--AND SO IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MEECHER REALLY OWNS ALL METROPOLIS ISLAND!



AND THE HIGHER COURT IS TO RULE TODAY ON MEECHER'S CLAIM! THEY'LL SURELY UPHOLD IT!

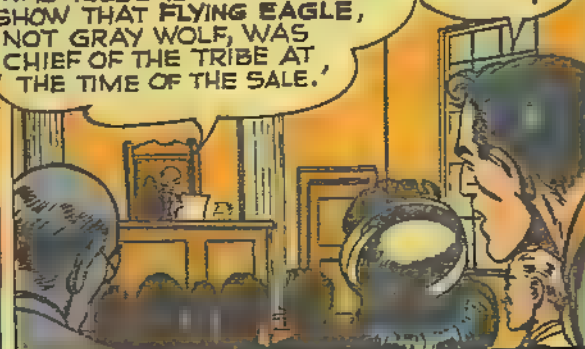
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN PREVENT IT NOW!



A TENSE COURTROOM HEARS THE DECISION ON THE APPEAL AGAINST HENRY MEECHER'S CLAIM!

HENRY MEECHER HAS PROVED THE ORIGINAL SALE WAS ILLEGAL! OLD RECORDS SHOW THAT FLYING EAGLE, NOT GRAY WOLF, WAS CHIEF OF THE TRIBE AT THE TIME OF THE SALE.

FLYING EAGLE? BUT THAT WAS I!



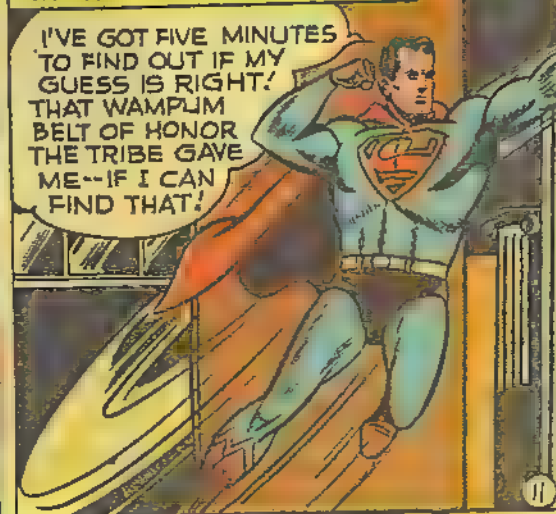
THEREFORE, WE DECLARE MEECHER'S CLAIM IS VALID AND--

YOUR HONOR, WAIT! WILL YOU GRANT A FIVE-MINUTE RECESS BEFORE GIVING YOUR DECISION?



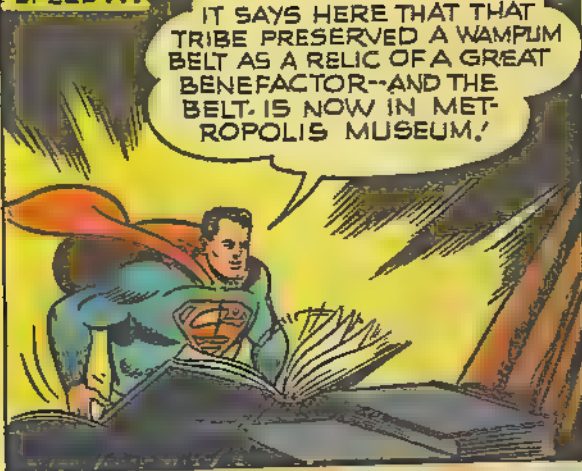
THE RECESS IS GRANTED...

I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO FIND OUT IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT! THAT WAMPUM BELT OF HONOR THE TRIBE GAVE ME--IF I CAN FIND THAT!



RACING THROUGH A WHOLE BUILDING FULL OF HISTORICAL ARCHIVES AT SUPER READING-SPEED...

IT SAYS HERE THAT THAT TRIBE PRESERVED A WAMPUM BELT AS A RELIC OF A GREAT BENEFACTOR--AND THE BELT IS NOW IN METROPOLIS MUSEUM!



AND FLASHING TO THE NEARBY MUSEUM...

YES, THAT'S THE BELT! CAN YOU READ THE PICTURE-WRITING ON IT?

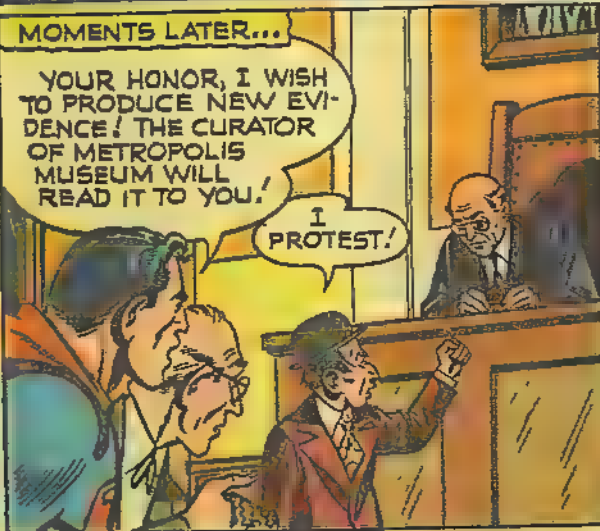
WHY, YES! I'LL READ IT TO YOU!



MOMENTS LATER...

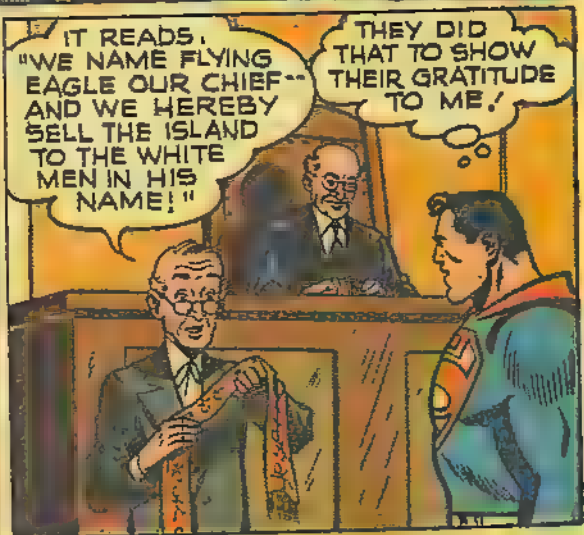
YOUR HONOR, I WISH TO PRODUCE NEW EVIDENCE! THE CURATOR OF METROPOLIS MUSEUM WILL READ IT TO YOU!

I PROTEST!

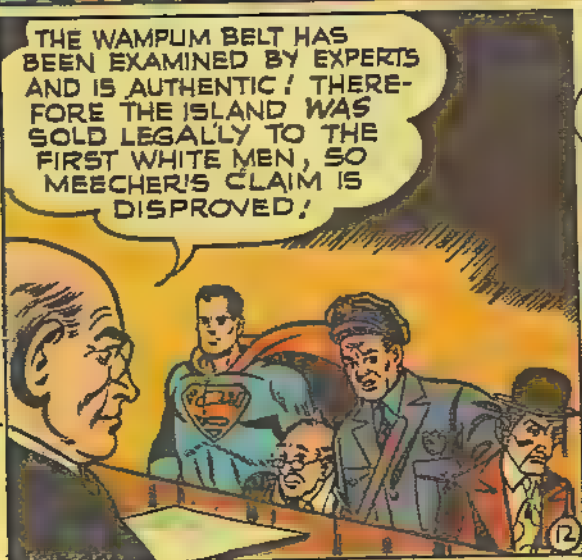


IT READS: "WE NAME FLYING EAGLE OUR CHIEF-- AND WE HEREBY SELL THE ISLAND TO THE WHITE MEN IN HIS NAME!"

THEY DID THAT TO SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE TO ME!



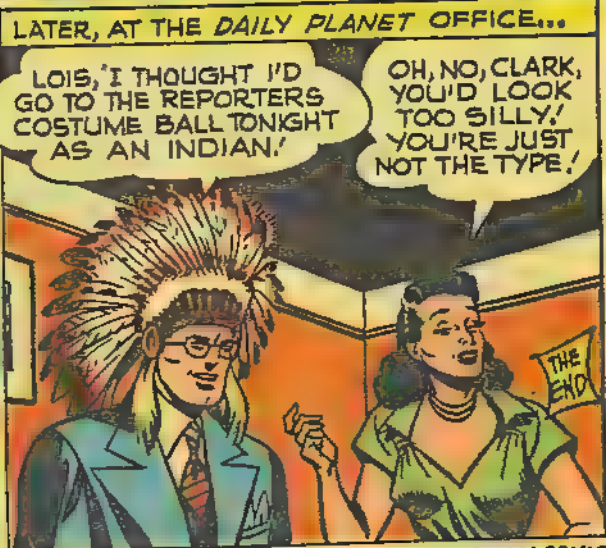
THE WAMPUM BELT HAS BEEN EXAMINED BY EXPERTS AND IS AUTHENTIC! THEREFORE THE ISLAND WAS SOLD LEGALLY TO THE FIRST WHITE MEN, SO MEECHER'S CLAIM IS DISPROVED!



LATER, AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...

LOIS, I THOUGHT I'D GO TO THE REPORTERS COSTUME BALL TONIGHT AS AN INDIAN!

OH, NO, CLARK, YOU'D LOOK TOO SILLY! YOU'RE JUST NOT THE TYPE!



Tommy TOMORROW

IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW THERE ARE GYPSIES, AS TODAY-- BUT GYPSIES WHO WANDER FROM WORLD TO WORLD! AND WHEN THESE PEOPLE, WITHOUT A PLANET, ARE BLAMED WITH THE THEFT OF RARE, EXOTIC TREASURES FROM MANY WORLDS, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS INVESTIGATES! TO SOLVE A CRAFTY CRIMINAL PLOT, HE MUST WORK FROM UNDER COVER, AND SO TOMMY TOMORROW HIMSELF BECOMES ONE OF...

The
GYPSIES
of
SPACE!



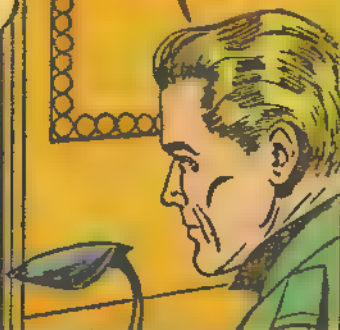
THE COMMANDER OF THE PLANETEERS CALLS IN HIS ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER--COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW!

COLONEL TOMORROW, I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO BREAK UP A SERIES OF BIG ROBBERIES ON OTHER PLANETS! THE GYPSIES OF SPACE ARE SUSPECTED OF COMMITTING THEM!

THE GYPSIES OF SPACE? THOSE HOMELESS PEOPLE WHO WANDER ALL OVER THE SYSTEM?

YES! IT'S BELIEVED THEY'RE DOING IT, BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT! THAT'S YOUR JOB!

I'D BETTER WORK FROM UNDER COVER! I'LL BECOME ONE OF THE SPACE GYPSIES MYSELF!



PRESENTLY, TOMMY PREPARES FOR HIS MISSION WITH A FELLOW PLANETEER, BRENT WOOD...

WHY DO WE HAVE TO MAKE THE "SPACE ACE" LOOK LIKE AN OLD JUNK HEAP?

BECAUSE WE'RE POSING AS SPACE GYPSIES NOW--AND THEIR SHIPS ARE ALL OLD AND BATTERED!

SOON...

I'VE LEARNED THE SPACE GYPSIES RECENTLY WANDERED TO VENUS--WE'LL JOIN THEM THERE!

AND GET PROOF OF THEIR ROBBERIES AND RECOVER THE LOOT? LET'S HOPE IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG, TOMMY!

BUT APPROACHING VENUS, TOMMY TOMORROW RECEIVES A STARTLING RADIO FLASH!

FLASH! BANDITS ARE RAIDING THE PIGMY CITY! POLICE ARE ON THE WAY!

IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE WE CAN ARRIVE AT VENUS!

THE PIGMY CITY, A WONDER OF VENUS, HOUSES THE SMALLEST PEOPLE IN THE SYSTEM!

THESE PEOPLE ARE GREAT MINERS! IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET THEIR GOLD AND JEWELS!

RUN! RUN!

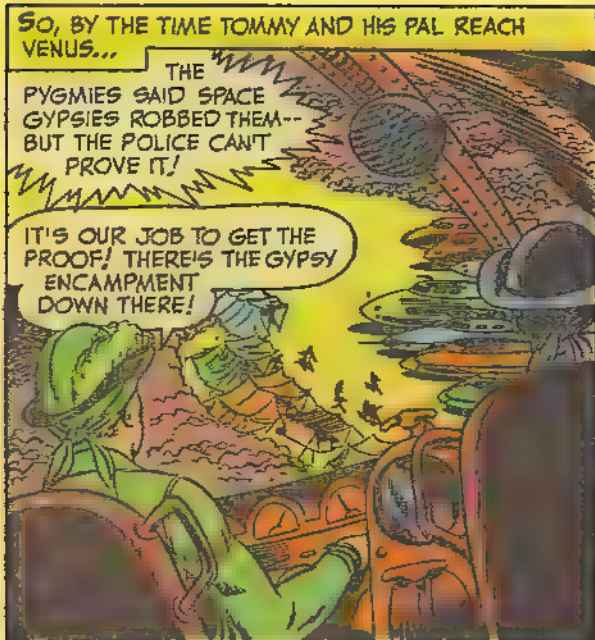
IT'S LIKE ROBBING A DOLL-TOWN!

HURRY, THE POLICE WILL SOON BE HERE!

SO, BY THE TIME TOMMY AND HIS PAL REACH VENUS...

THE PYGMIES SAID SPACE GYPSIES ROBBED THEM-- BUT THE POLICE CAN'T PROVE IT!

IT'S OUR JOB TO GET THE PROOF! THERE'S THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT DOWN THERE!



THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE SPACE GYPSIES IS A COLORFUL SCENE!

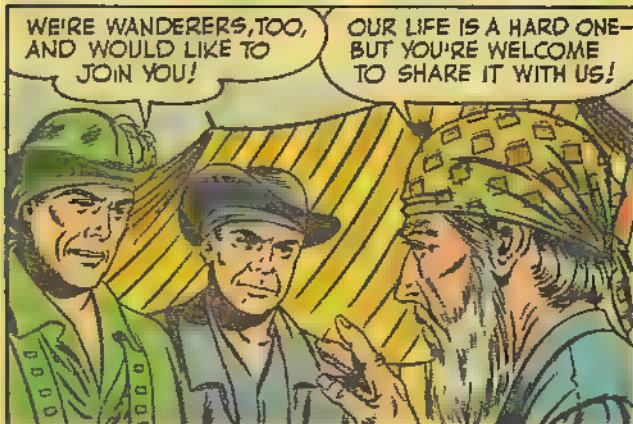
THEY'VE ALWAYS LIVED BY SELLING CURIOS FROM MANY WORLDS, DOING TRICKS THEY'VE LEARNED ON FAR PLANETS, AND SO ON!

UNTIL THEY TOOK UP ROBBERY! ONCE WE JOIN THEM, WE'LL SOON STOP THEIR NEW OCCUPATION! LET'S FIND KORATH, THEIR CHIEF.



WE'RE WANDERERS, TOO, AND WOULD LIKE TO JOIN YOU!

OUR LIFE IS A HARD ONE-- BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO SHARE IT WITH US!



HOW DID YOU COME TO BE SUCH WANDERERS? WERE YOU ALWAYS SPACE GYPSIES?

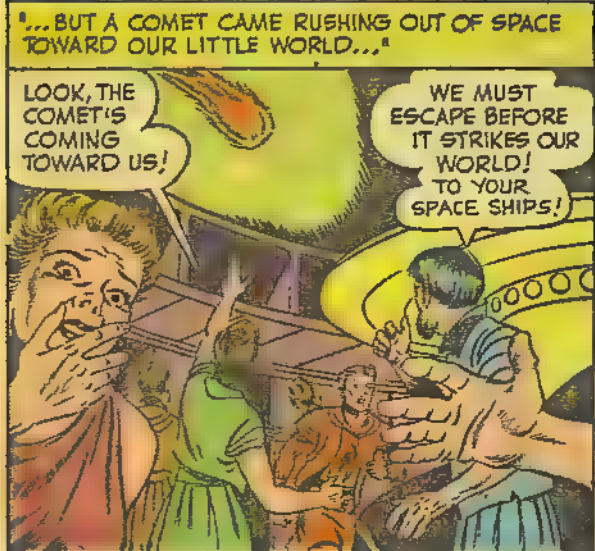
NO-- ONCE WE INHABITED A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ASTEROID WORLD!



...BUT A COMET CAME RUSHING OUT OF SPACE TOWARD OUR LITTLE WORLD...

LOOK, THE COMET'S COMING TOWARD US!

WE MUST ESCAPE BEFORE IT STRIKES OUR WORLD! TO YOUR SPACE SHIPS!



...AND MY PEOPLE BARELY ESCAPED DESTRUCTION!

OUR WORLD IS DESTROYED FOREVER!



SINCE THEN, MY PEOPLE HAVE WANDERED FROM WORLD TO WORLD! AND NOW WE ARE ORDERED TO LEAVE VENUS TOO, BECAUSE WE'RE UNJUSTLY SUSPECTED OF THE PIGMY CITY ROBBERY!

WE'LL FIND OUT HOW "UNJUST" THE SUSPICION IS!

WE'RE GOING WITH YOU!

WITH HEAVY HEARTS, THE UNWANTED GYPSIES OF SPACE OBEY THE ORDER TO LEAVE...

WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?

TO JUPITER-- PERHAPS WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK THERE!

LATER, THE DISGUISED "SPACE ACE" IS ONE OF THE GYPSY SHIPS TO LAND AT THE GREAT JUPITER SPACEPORT!

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST CROWDED SPACEPORTS IN THE SYSTEM!

YES--BUT THE MECHANICAL ELECTRONIC BRAIN THAT AUTOMATICALLY DIRECTS TRAFFIC AVOIDS ALL CONFUSION!

BUT A LITTLE LATER, IN THE TRAFFIC DIRECTION TOWER...

THIS WONDERFUL ELECTRONIC BRAIN WILL BE VALUABLE TO US, IN DIRECTING ROBOT-CONTROLLED RAIDS ON SPACE-SHIPS!

THE VENUS LINER MAY LAND NOW! THE MARS EXPRESS WILL TAKE OFF IN FIVE MINUTES!

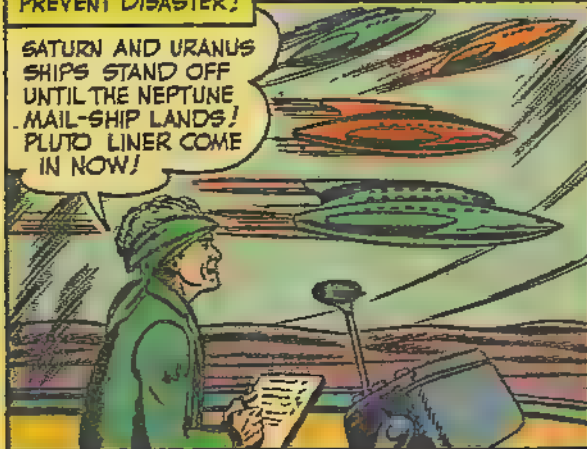
SOON, DISASTER THREATENS AS UNDIRECTED SHIPS CROWD THE SKY OVER THE SPACEPORT!

LOOK, THE SHIPS ARE GOING TO COLLIDE! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN!

WE'D BETTER GET TO THE TRAFFIC-TOWER, FAST!

FINDING THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN STOLEN, TOMMY TOMORROW BECOMES EMERGENCY DISPATCHER TO PREVENT DISASTER!

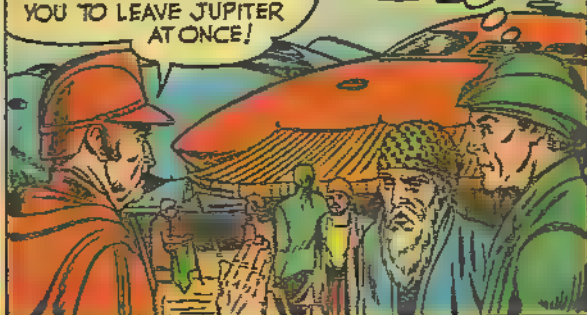
SATURN AND URANUS SHIPS STAND OFF UNTIL THE NEPTUNE MAIL-SHIP LANDS! PLUTO LINER COME IN NOW!



But LATER, AUTHORITIES OF JUPITER ACT!

THE ATTENDANT SAID SPACE GYPSIES STOLE THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN! WE CAN'T FIND IT HERE-- BUT WE'RE ORDERING YOU TO LEAVE JUPITER AT ONCE!

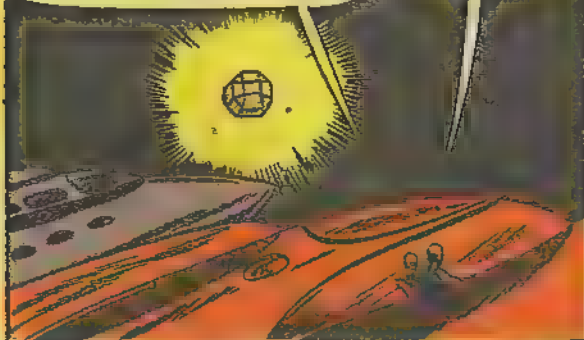
THE SPACE GYPSIES WERE ALL IN CAMP AT THE TIME--THEY DIDN'T DO IT! THEY MUST BE INNOCENT OF ALL THESE ROBBERIES!



SO THE GYPSIES OF SPACE MOVE ON--TO URANUS!

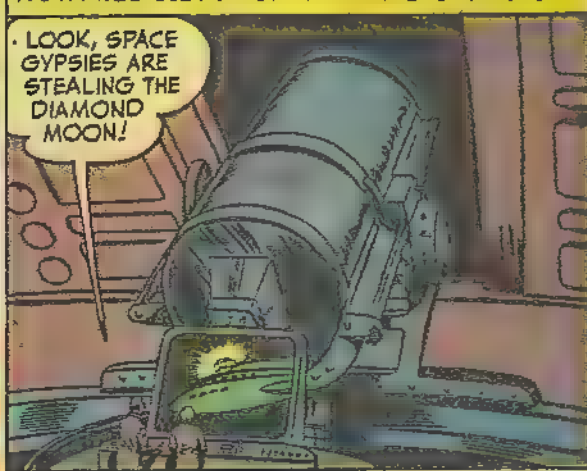
THAT'S THE FAMOUS DIAMOND MOON, A SINGLE BIG DIAMOND! IT'S ONLY TWENTY FEET ACROSS, BUT IT REFLECTS SUNLIGHT AS BRILLIANTLY AS A BIG MOON!

NO WONDER IT'S THE PRIDE OF URANUS!



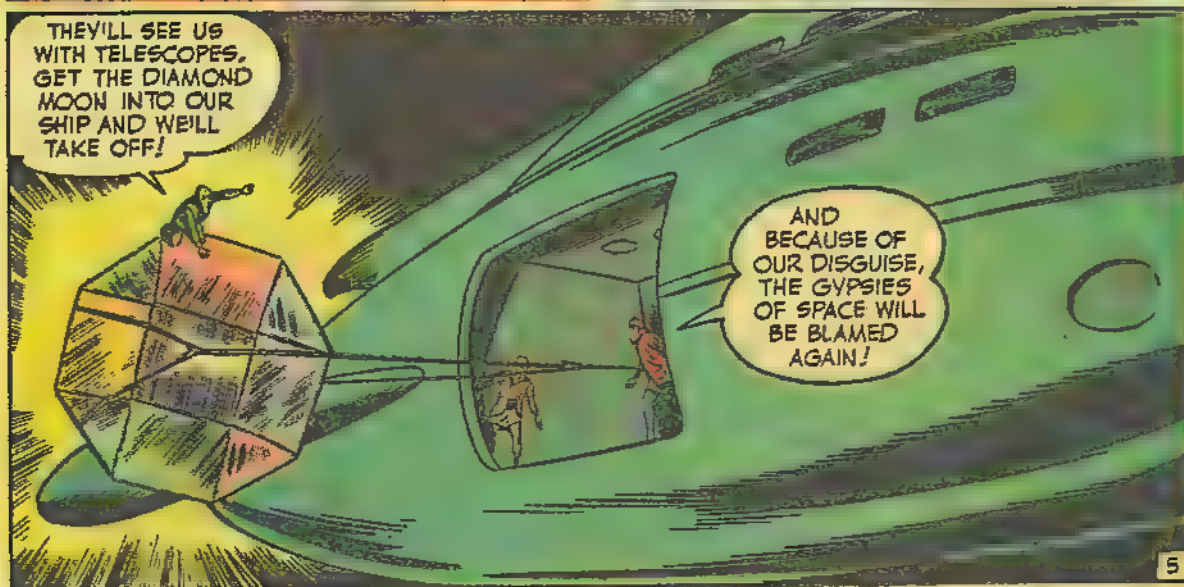
BUT THAT NIGHT, URANUS ASTRONOMERS OBSERVE A STRANGE ECLIPSE OF THE DIAMOND MOON!

LOOK, SPACE GYPSIES ARE STEALING THE DIAMOND MOON!



THEY'LL SEE US WITH TELESCOPES, GET THE DIAMOND MOON INTO OUR SHIP AND WE'LL TAKE OFF!

AND BECAUSE OF OUR DISGUISE, THE GYPSIES OF SPACE WILL BE BLAMED AGAIN!



SOON, POLICE MAKE A STERN SEARCH OF THE SPACE GYPSY CAMP!

YOU WERE SEEN STEALING THE DIAMOND MOON, BUT SINCE WE CAN'T FIND IT HERE WE CAN'T ARREST YOU! HOWEVER, YOU'RE ORDERED TO LEAVE URANUS!

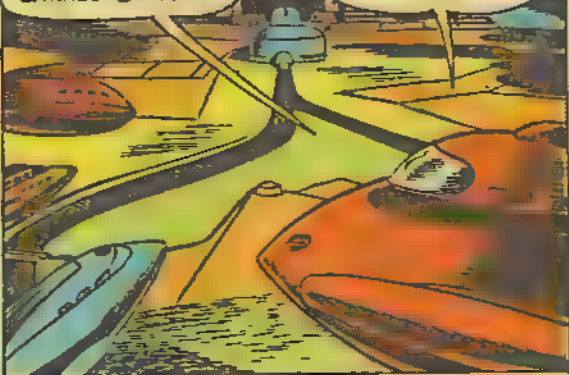
NOW I'M SURE THAT PIRATES IN GYPSY DISGUISE ARE COMMITTING THESE ROBBERIES WHEREVER THE GYPSIES GO, SO THEY'LL BE BLAMED!



The GYPSIES OF SPACE, ORDERED FORTH AGAIN, TRAVEL WEARILY ON TO THE DESERT WORLD MARS!

TOMMY, WE'RE GOING TO LAND AT POLAR CITY-- WHERE THE BIG RADIUM-POWERED PUMPS KEEP THE WATER FLOWING IN THE CANALS OF MARS!

AND THAT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO SET A TRAP FOR THE BANDITS WHO ARE MAKING THE SPACE GYPSIES THEIR SCAPEGOATS!



LATER, IN THE GIANT PUMP STATION THAT KEEPS THE VITAL WATER OF MARS FLOWING!

WE'LL TAKE ALL THE VALUABLE RADIUM THAT KEEPS THESE PUMPS GOING!

I THOUGHT THEY'D TRY FOR THAT RADIUM!

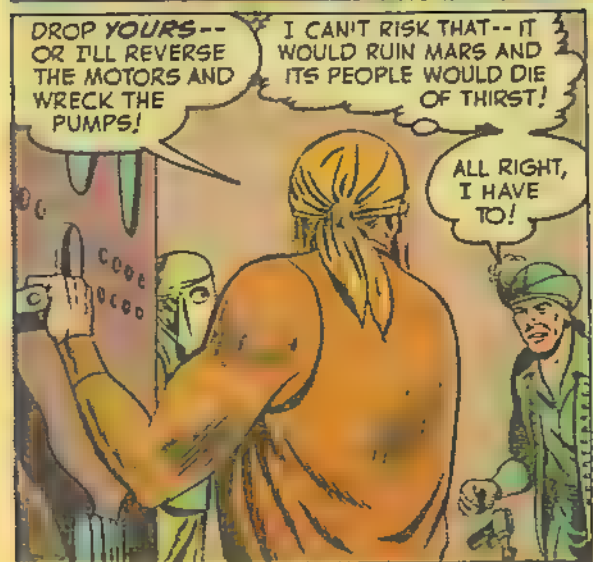
DROP YOUR RAY GUNS!



DROP YOURS-- OR I'LL REVERSE THE MOTORS AND WRECK THE PUMPS!

I CAN'T RISK THAT-- IT WOULD RUIN MARS AND ITS PEOPLE WOULD DIE OF THIRST!

ALL RIGHT, I HAVE TO!

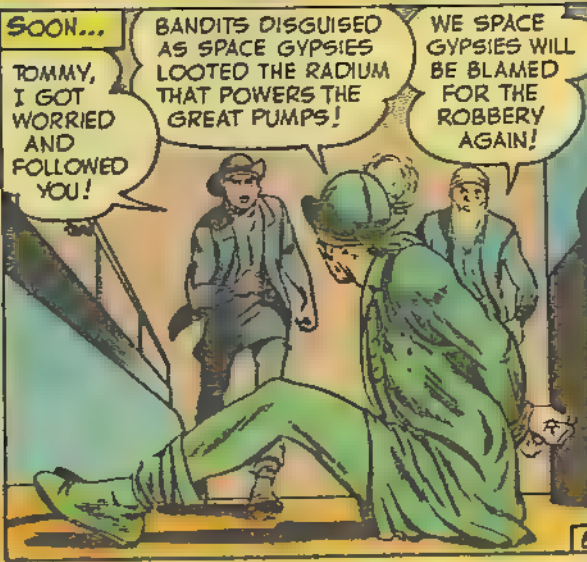


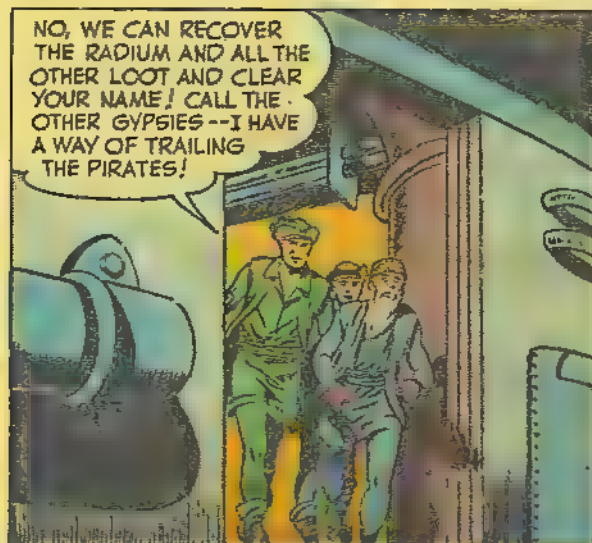
SOON...

TOMMY, I GOT WORRIED AND FOLLOWED YOU!

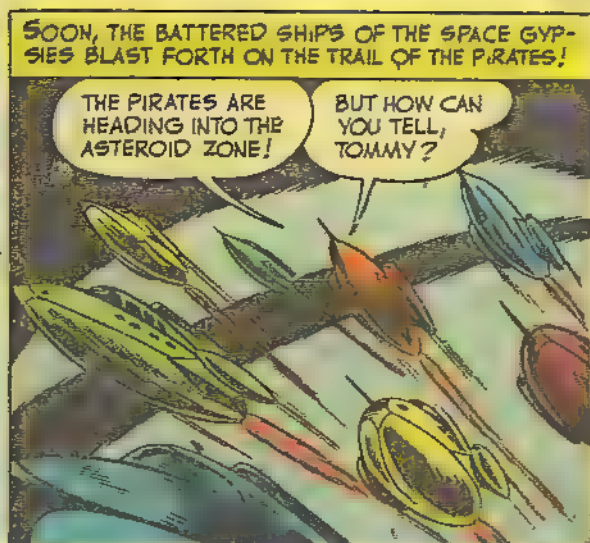
BANDITS DISGUISED AS SPACE GYPSIES LOOTED THE RADIUM THAT POWERS THE GREAT PUMPS!

WE SPACE GYPSIES WILL BE BLAMED FOR THE ROBBERY AGAIN!





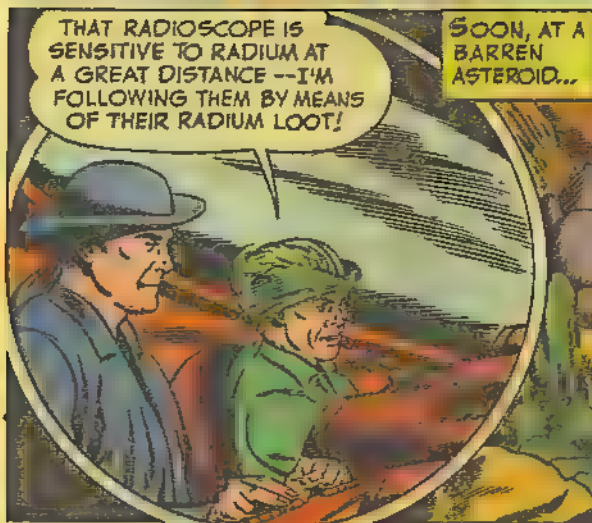
NO, WE CAN RECOVER THE RADIUM AND ALL THE OTHER LOOT AND CLEAR YOUR NAME! CALL THE OTHER GYPSIES -- I HAVE A WAY OF TRAILING THE PIRATES!



SOON, THE BATTERED SHIPS OF THE SPACE GYPSIES BLAST FORTH ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIRATES!

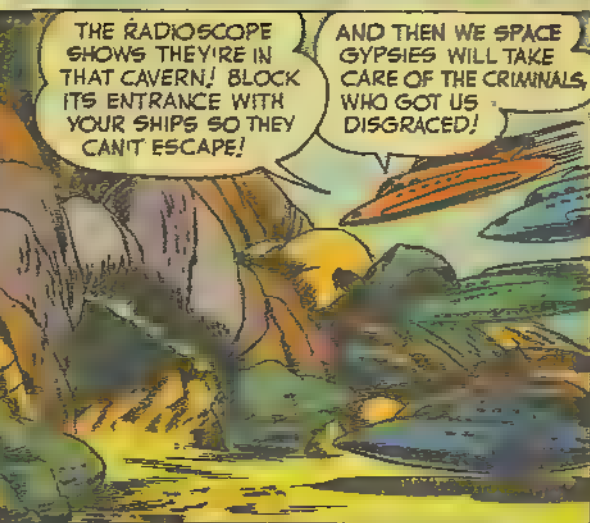
THE PIRATES ARE HEADING INTO THE ASTEROID ZONE!

BUT HOW CAN YOU TELL, TOMMY?



THAT RADIOSCOPE IS SENSITIVE TO RADIUM AT A GREAT DISTANCE -- I'M FOLLOWING THEM BY MEANS OF THEIR RADIUM LOOT!

SOON, AT A BARREN ASTEROID...



THE RADIOSCOPE SHOWS THEY'RE IN THAT CAVERN! BLOCK ITS ENTRANCE WITH YOUR SHIPS SO THEY CAN'T ESCAPE!

AND THEN WE SPACE GYPSIES WILL TAKE CARE OF THE CRIMINALS WHO GOT US DISGRACED!



TRAPPED IN THEIR CAVERN LAIR, SURPRISED PIRATES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE GYPSIES OF SPACE LED BY TOMMY TOMORROW!



SO YOU WANTED TO PLAY SPACE GYPSY, DID YOU?

WE SURRENDER! WE CAN'T ESCAPE NOW ANYWAY!

AFTER PLANETEER CRUISERS HAVE COME AND TAKEN THE CONFESSIONS AND THEIR LOOT AWAY...

I'M GLAD YOU JOINED US AS AN UNDERCOVER MAN, FOR YOU CLEARED OUR NAME! NOW WE GYPSIES WILL WANDER ON TO SOME OTHER WORLD!

NO, WAIT! THE WHOLE SYSTEM IS GRATEFUL FOR YOUR RECOVERING THAT LOOT, AND THE OTHER WORLDS WANT TO HELP YOU!



SOON, FROM THE GRATEFUL OTHER WORLDS, MANY SHIPS COME TO THE BARREN ASTEROID! FROM MARS COME SHIPLOADS OF RICH SOIL!

THAT'S RIGHT-- THIS WHOLE LITTLE WORLD HAS TO BE COVERED WITH GOOD SOIL!



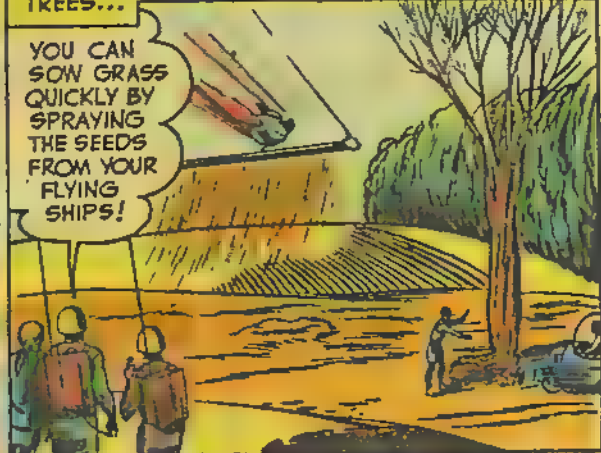
FROM VENUS' MIGHTY OCEANS AND LAKES COME FLEETS OF WATER-LADEN TANK-SHIPS!

WE'LL WANT A SMALL SEA, AND SOME GOOD FRESH LAKES AND RIVERS!



URANUS SENDS QUICK-SPROUTING SEEDS OF GRAINS AND GRASSES, AND JUPITER SENDS FINE TREES...

YOU CAN SOW GRASS QUICKLY BY SPRAYING THE SEEDS FROM YOUR FLYING SHIPS!



AND SOON, THE BARREN ASTEROID IS TRANSFORMED INTO A PARADISE...

THIS WORLD NOW BELONGS TO YOUR PEOPLE FOR ALL TIME, KORATH!

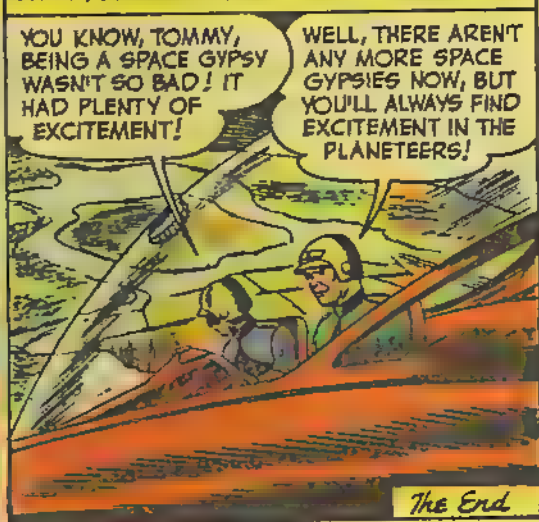
THEN WE GYPSIES OF SPACE NEED NOT ROAM THE SYSTEM ANY LONGER! WE HAVE A WORLD AGAIN!



LATER, LEAVING A HAPPY LITTLE WORLD...

YOU KNOW, TOMMY, BEING A SPACE GYPSY WASN'T SO BAD! IT HAD PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT!

WELL, THERE AREN'T ANY MORE SPACE GYPSIES NOW, BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND EXCITEMENT IN THE PLANETEERS!

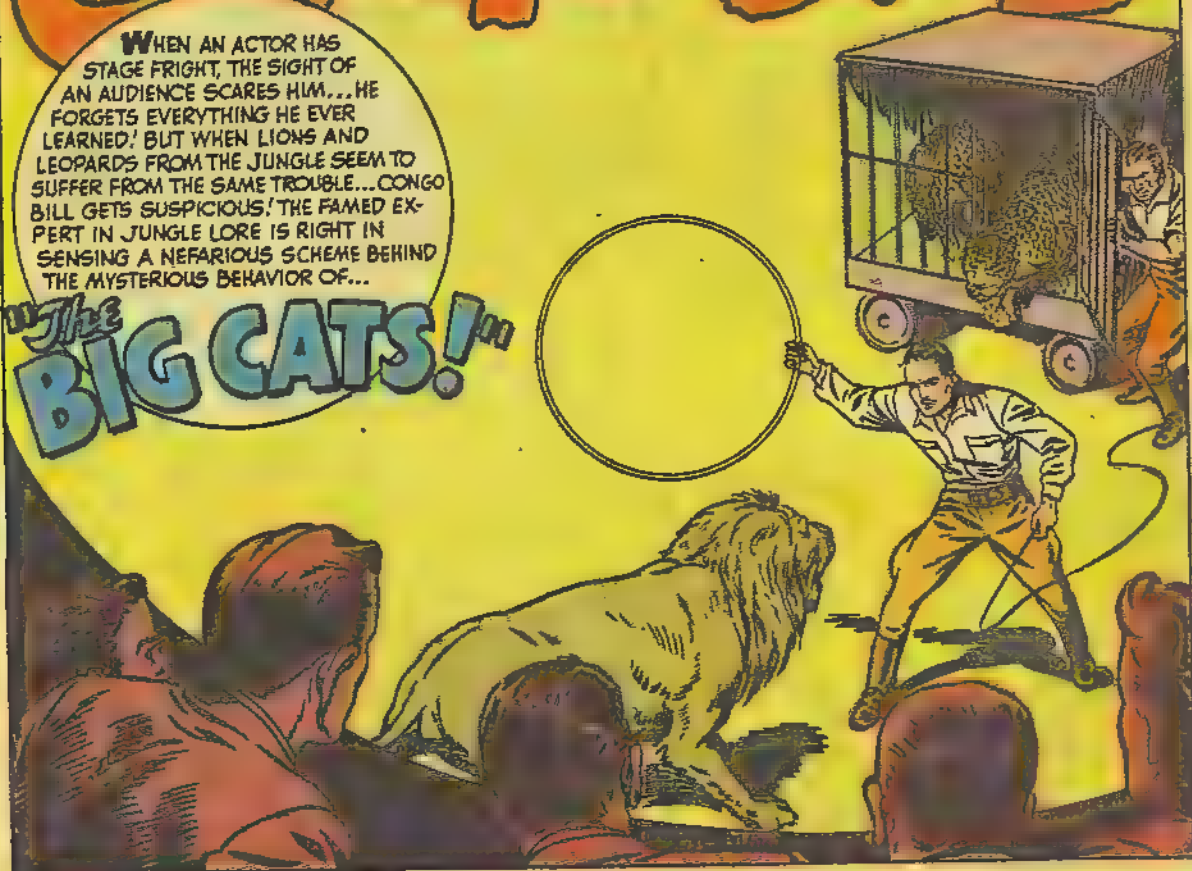


The End

CONGO BILL

WHEN AN ACTOR HAS STAGE FRIGHT, THE SIGHT OF AN AUDIENCE SCARES HIM... HE FORGETS EVERYTHING HE EVER LEARNED! BUT WHEN LIONS AND LEOPARDS FROM THE JUNGLE SEEM TO SUFFER FROM THE SAME TROUBLE... CONGO BILL GETS SUSPICIOUS! THE FAMED EXPERT IN JUNGLE LORE IS RIGHT IN SENSING A NEFARIOUS SCHEME BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOR OF...

The BIG CATS!



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, A BIG CITY ZOO THAT IS USUALLY QUIET HUMS AND GROWLS WITH ACTIVITY...

HE DOESN'T WANT TO MOVE... HE ISN'T USED TO BEING DISTURBED AT NIGHT!

NEVER MIND WHAT HE WANTS... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE THESE CATS UNDER CONTROL... HURRY HIM UP!



PRESENTLY, THE BEAST IS SECURELY CAGED IN A TRUCK... AND A **SUBSTITUTE** LION TAKES OVER THE ZOO CAGE!

NOW FOR THE OTHER LION, THE LEOPARDS AND THE TIGER, MR. CAREY!

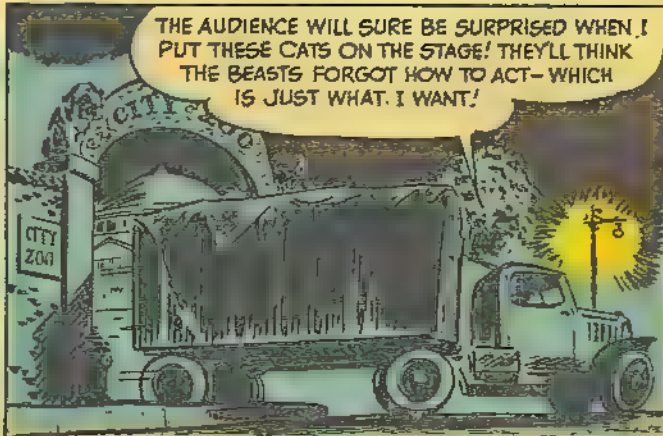
LET'S EXCHANGE THEM FAST, BEFORE SOMEBODY COMES TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE ROARING ABOUT!



THE BIG CATS ARE EXCHANGED, AND SOON...

ALL SET! THE ZOO'S FULL OF **YOUR** ANIMALS, MR. CAREY...AND YOUR CAGES ARE FULL OF **OURS!**

AND NOBODY WILL DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCE EXCEPT YOU, SINCE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO DEALS WITH THE CATS IN THIS ZOO!



THE AUDIENCE WILL SURE BE SURPRISED WHEN I PUT THESE CATS ON THE STAGE! THEY'LL THINK THE BEASTS FORGOT HOW TO ACT- WHICH IS JUST WHAT I WANT!

AND SO LATER THAT SAME NIGHT IN THE CITY CASINO, ANOTHER PART OF A SINISTER PLAN IS PUT INTO ACTION ****

THE BIG CATS SEEM PLENTY EXCITED TONIGHT...**(YAWN)**...HOPE THERE'S NOTHING WRONG SO I CAN GET BACK TO SLEEP...

**GRRRR
ROAR
GRRRR**



FIRE! THAT'S WHAT GOT THEM EXCITED! FIRE!

ONLY A HALF HOUR LATER, AFTER THE FIREMEN HAVE ARRIVED...

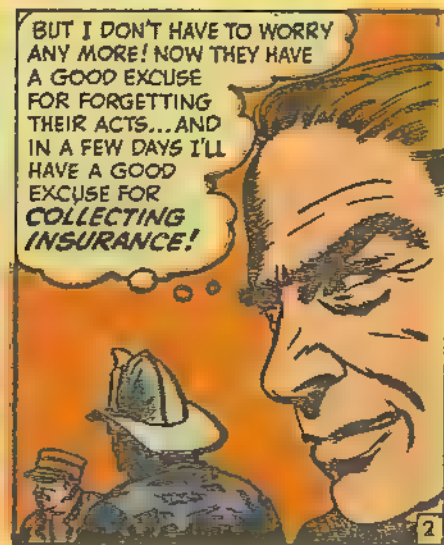
NO GREAT HARM DONE... SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TOSSED A LIGHTED MATCH INTO A PILE OF SHAVINGS!

BUT WE GOT HERE IN PLENTY OF TIME!

THANKS FOR SAVING MY CATS! I WAS WORRIED ABOUT THEM...



BUT I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY MORE! NOW THEY HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE FOR FORGETTING THEIR ACTS...AND IN A FEW DAYS I'LL HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE FOR COLLECTING INSURANCE!





THE FOLLOWING EVENING, CONGO BILL, FAMED GLOBE-TROTTING TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE, ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...

CITY CASINO
GEORGE CAREY
AND HIS TRAINED
WILD ANIMALS

HMM, I HEAR THE ACT ISN'T GOING SO WELL!
IF THAT FIRE LAST NIGHT HAD DONE REAL
DAMAGE, IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED AS IF CAREY
TRIED TO DESTROY HIS OWN CATS TO
COLLECT INSURANCE...

WILD ANIMALS



AS IT IS, NO HARM WAS DONE, AND
CAREY HASN'T MADE A CLAIM! BUT I
THINK I'LL WATCH THE
ACT ANYWAY!



SIT, LEO...
SIT!

STRANGE...THAT ANIMAL
DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW
WHAT'S EXPECTED OF
HIM!

ROARRR



SOMETHING'S WRONG...THAT
BEAST SEEMS TO HAVE
FORGOTTEN ALL HIS TRAINING!
YOU MIGHT THINK HE HAD
STAGE-FRIGHT!

THE HOOP, LEO!
JUMP THROUGH
THE HOOP!



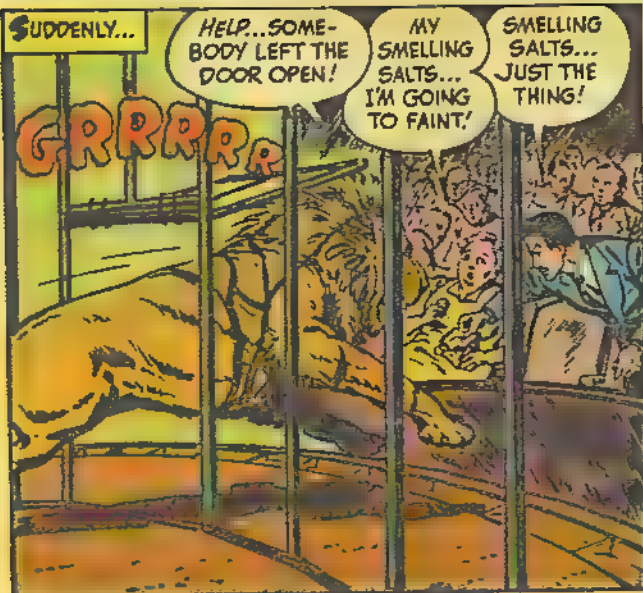
SUDDENLY...

HELP...SOME-
BODY LEFT THE
DOOR OPEN!

MY
SMELLING
SALTS...
I'M GOING
TO FAINT!

SMELLING
SALTS...
JUST THE
THING!

GRRRRR



THEY'LL DO MORE
GOOD THE WAY I
USE THEM!

RRRR...
(CHOKE)...
(GASP)...



AND AS THE KING OF BEASTS, DIZZY FROM THE OVERDOSE OF SMELLING SALTS, IS RETURNED TO HIS CAGE...

WHEW... I NEVER EXPECTED THAT LION TO FORGET HIS TRAINING SO COMPLETELY! I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO SHOOT HIM...

THAT OPEN DOOR WAS AN ACCIDENT... LUCKY IT DIDN'T UPSET MY PLAN!

HOW ABOUT THE OTHER BEASTS... DO THEY OBEY ORDERS?



THEY'VE FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING TOO! IT WAS THAT FIRE LAST NIGHT... ANIMALS ARE AFRAID OF FIRE! AND THEY WERE IN PANIC BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THEY COULDN'T ESCAPE...

SOUNDS POSSIBLE... BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING!



NEITHER DID I... BUT IT'S HAPPENED! NOW I CAN'T GO ON WITH THE SHOW! ALL THE ANIMALS ARE USELESS!

WHICH MEANS THAT YOU'VE LOST THEIR SERVICES... AND ACCORDING TO THE INSURANCE CONTRACT YOU CAN COLLECT \$50,000!

I'M BEGINNING TO SMELL A RAT IN THIS BIG CAT ACT!



YOU DOUBT ME? HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU WITH THIS LEOPARD...

HE SEEMS BAD-TEMPERED...



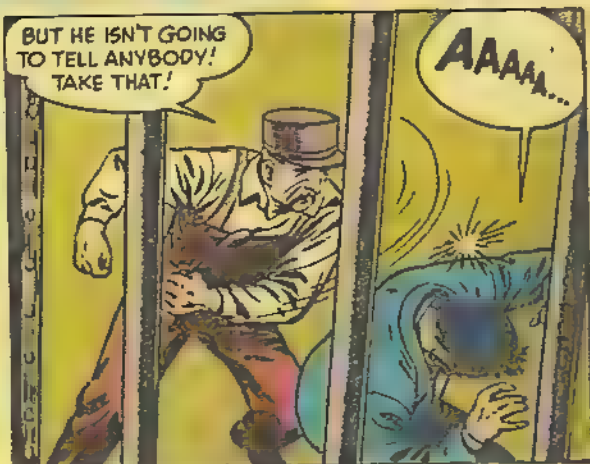
BAD TEMPER IS NO WORD FOR IT! HE WON'T EVEN LET ME IN HIS CAGE!

AND HE ISN'T AFRAID WHEN I SHOOT THE PISTOL!



- BUT IF THE FIRE MADE HIM PANICKY, SO SHOULD THE GUN, ESPECIALLY IF A PISTOL WAS USED IN TRAINING HIM! HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE HIS TRAINER... IT'S AS IF HE NEVER WAS TRAINED AT ALL! THAT MUST BE IT... HE NEVER **WAS** TRAINED! DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS, THIS ISN'T THE LEOPARD WE INSURED!







AS THE SNARLING CAT SPRINGS FORWARD, CONGO BILL IGNITES A WHOLE BOOK OF MATCHES!

WANT A LIGHT, CHUM?

RRR...EEEEEOW!



MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE, CAREY AND THE KEEPER AWAIT CONGO BILL'S DEATH CRY—AND HEAR IT!

THERE! CONGO BILL'S FINISHED!

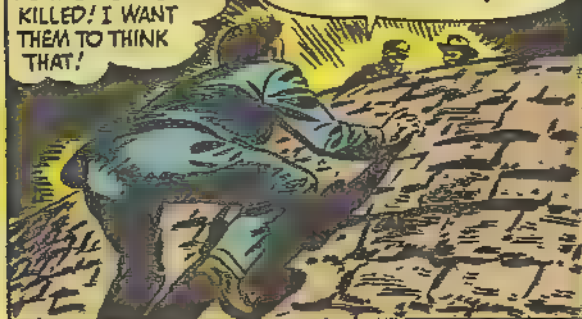
HELP! AAAA...
GRR...
EEEEEOW...



AS THE SOUNDS OF THE SNARLING DIE AWAY...

THE LEOPARD RAN FROM THE MATCHES... BUT THAT SCREAM I LET LOOSE MUST SURELY HAVE SOUNDED AS IF I WERE BEING KILLED! I WANT THEM TO THINK THAT!

NOW YOU CAN COLLECT THE INSURANCE AND PRETEND TO TRAIN AN ENTIRE NEW SET OF ANIMALS! LATER YOU SWITCH THEM AGAIN... AND GET YOUR ORIGINAL CATS! -YI!



THANKS FOR TELLING ME, RAT... NOW I CAN TAKE YOU BOTH IN... AND PUT THE WHOLE CAT ACT BEHIND BARS! THE MYSTERY OF THE BIG CATS IS SOLVED!



The End

6

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

AOVZL DOV ZABKF
OHYKLZA KBYPUN
AOL FLHY LUQVF
AOLPY ZBTTLY CH-
JHAPVUZ TVZA.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

SEPT.

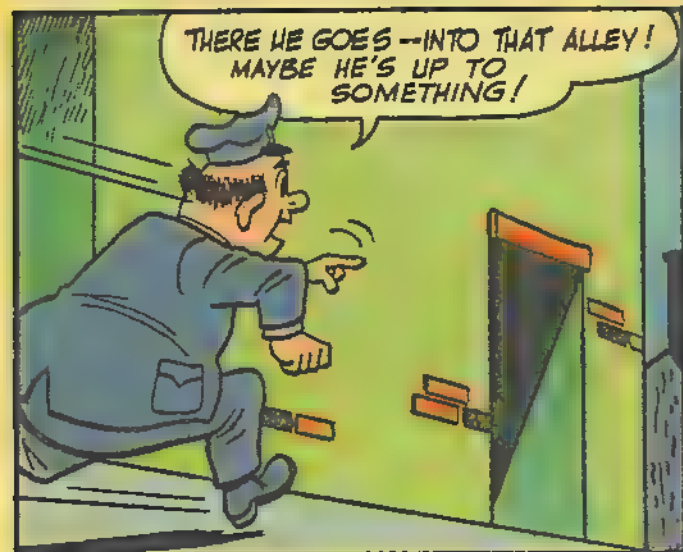
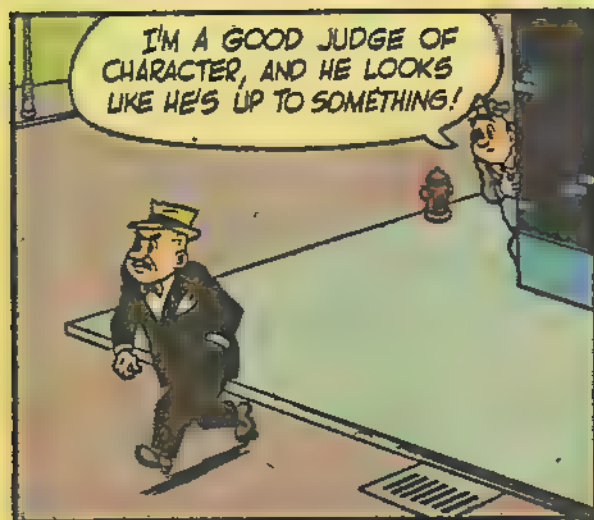
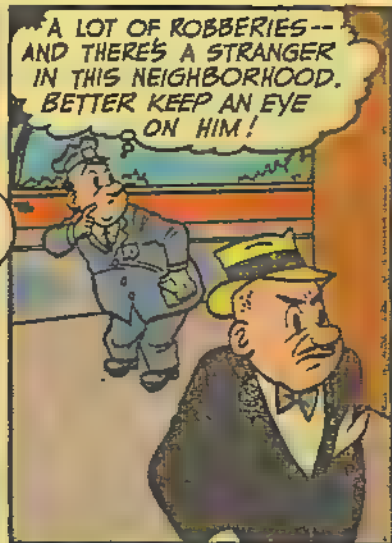
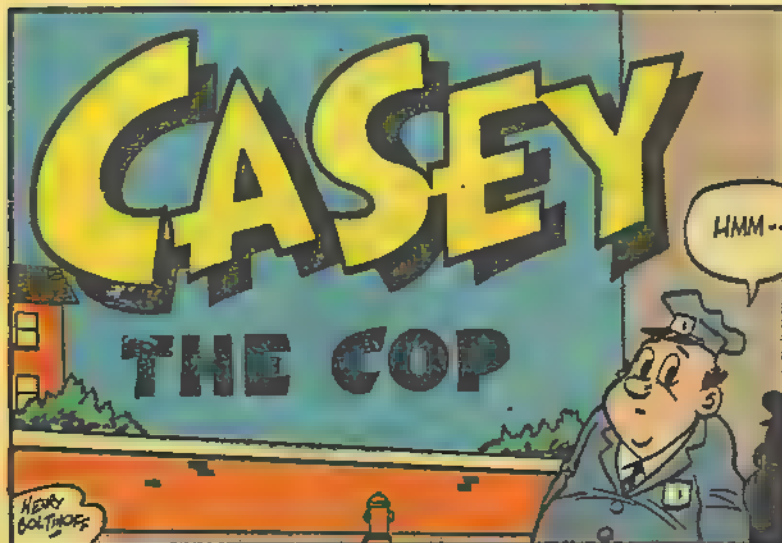
Dear Superman:

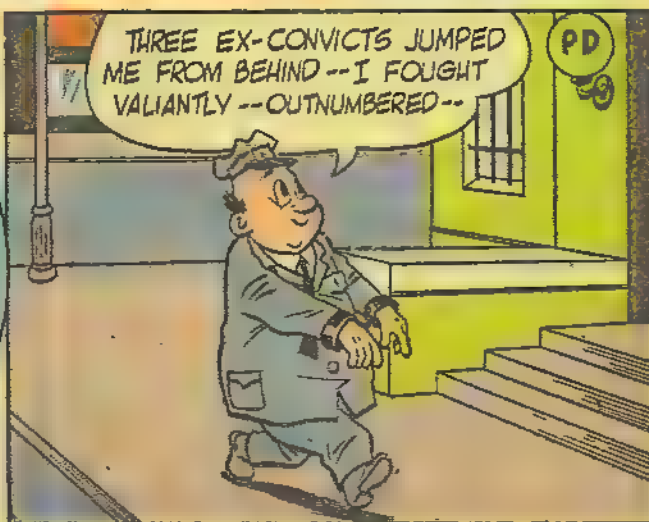
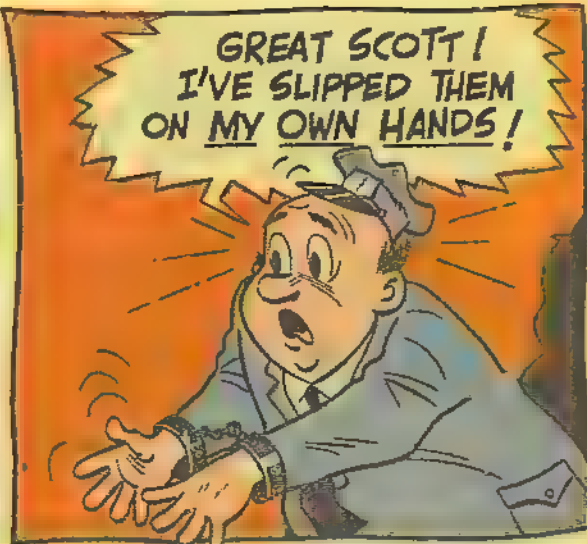
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



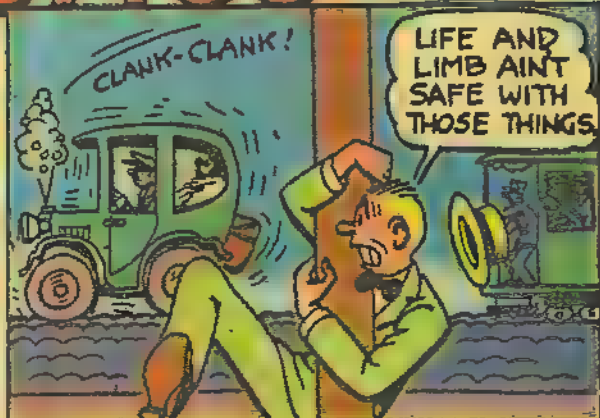




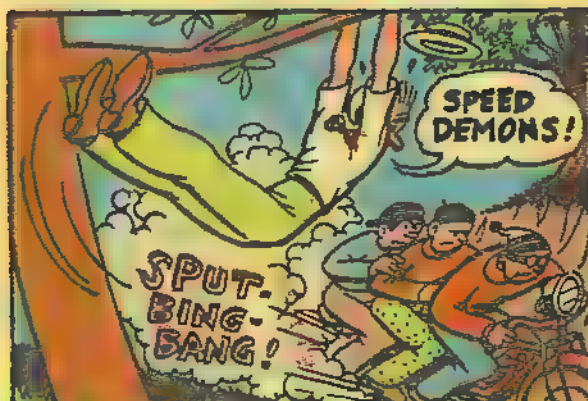
KAFLOPPOS



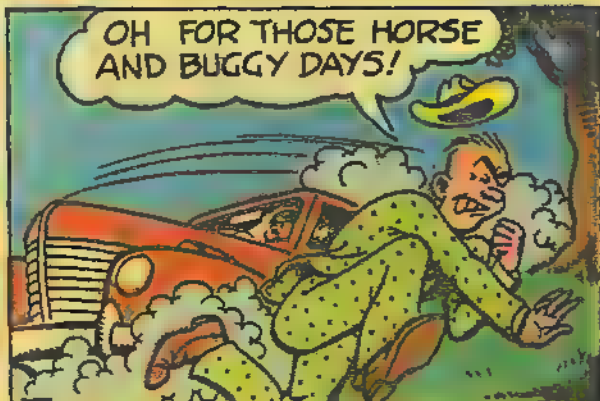
HERCULES POKE HATED SPEED -- HE WAS AGAINST ANYTHING FASTER THAN A SLOW DRIP, WHICH MATCHED HIS PERSONALITY.



WHEN AUTOS CHASED THE OLD GRAY MARE OFF THE BOULEVARDS, HERKY, LIKE PAUL REVERE, LEFT WITH THE STEED.



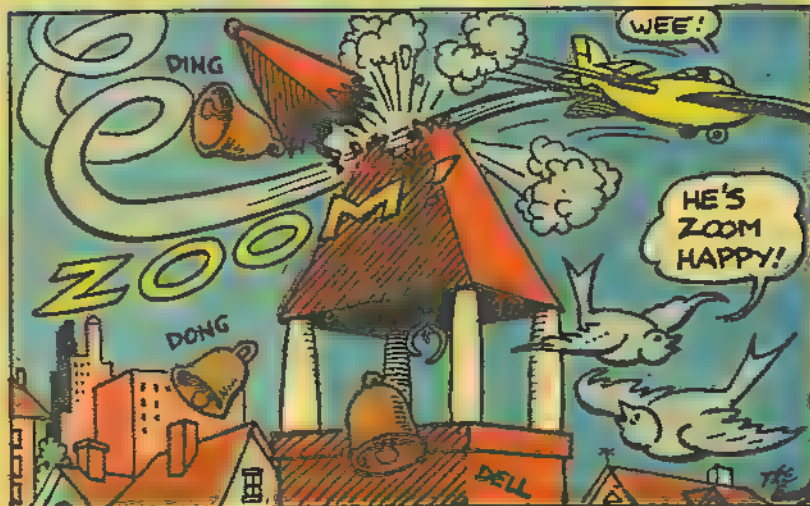
THOSE MOTORCYCLE MUSKETEERS GAVE HERKY'S BLOOD "PRESSURE" A TERRIFIC JOLT.



AND WHEN THE 100 MILE PER HOUR GAS GOCARTS HIT THE SUPER HIGHWAYS, HE HAD HIMSELF MEASURED FOR A HARP.

BUT GOSH!

THAT WAS BEFORE HERKY WENT WINGY AND BOUGHT THAT JET PROPULSION SPORT JOB. NOW, WHO'S A KAFLOPPO? HUH?



VIGILANTE

PRISON GATES CREAK OPEN AS GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, PLUGS THE JAILBIRD JINGLES AND BALL-AND-CHAINS BLUES OF FOUR PENITENT AND PAROLED CELLBLOCK SONGSTERS! BUT WHEN SINISTER UNDERTONES SEEP INTO THEIR STIRRING RECITALS OF LIFE IN STIR, IT'S UP TO THE VENTURESOME VIGILANTE TO TRACK DOWN OFF-KEY STRAINS OF DEADLY DANGER IN A SWIFT-PACED DRAMATIC OPERA WITH WORDS AND MUSIC BY --

"The BIG HOUSE BALLADEERS!"



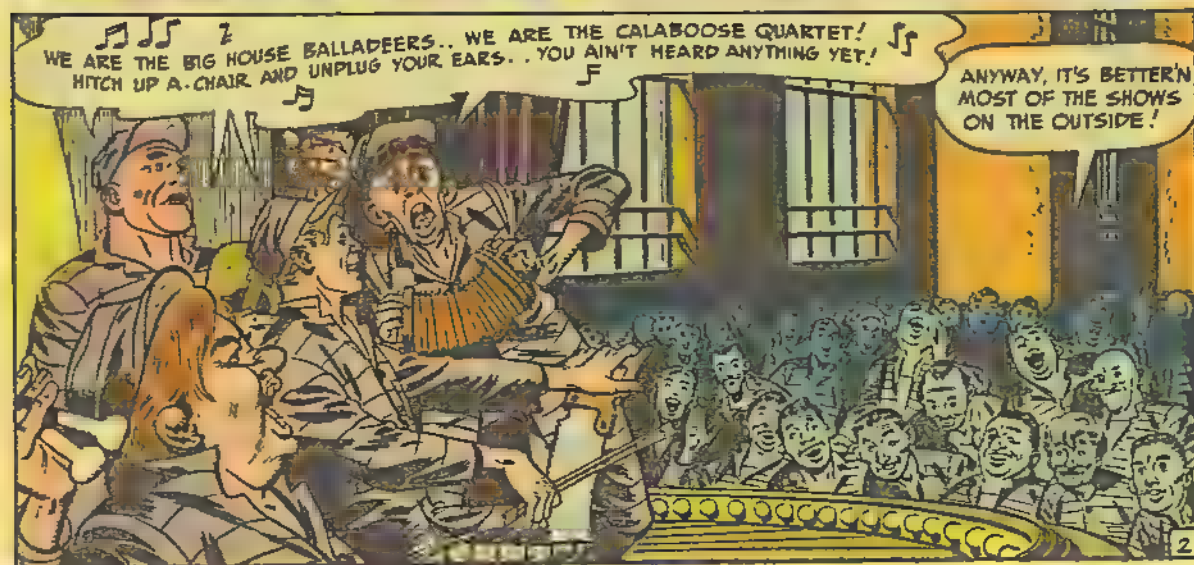
O, SOME PLAY GAMES FOR SKY-HIGH STAKES,
AND SOME PLAY PENNY-ANTE --
BUT THEY WHO GAMBLE WITH THE LAW
MUST PAY THE VIGILANTE!



A BURST OF LIVELY MELODY ECHOES THROUGH THE STEEL-AND-CONCRETE CONFINES OF A WESTERN PENITENTIARY...



AS A QUARTET OF FORMER DESPERADOES ENTER-TAINS FOR A FINAL TIME AT A "COMING-OUT" PARTY...



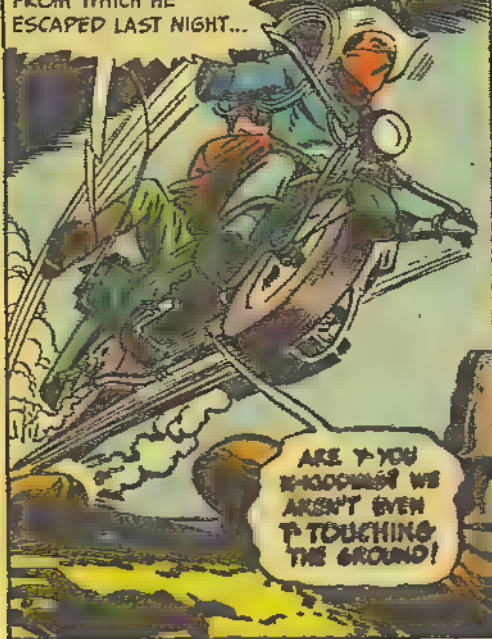


MEANWHILE, THE VIGILANTE AND HIS YOUNG PAL, STUFF, ARE INTERESTED IN ANOTHER CONVICT, WHO RECENTLY LEFT PRISON WITHOUT WAITING FOR A PAROLE...

...BUGS DORSEY WAS SEEN 10 MINUTES AGO RUNNING SOUTH FROM HIGHWAY 19, A MILE EAST OF STATE PRISON, FROM WHICH HE ESCAPED LAST NIGHT...

THAT'S RIGHT CLOSE, STUFF! HANG ON--THE GROUND'S BUMPY!

ARE YOU KIDDING? WE AREN'T EVEN TOUCHING THE GROUND!



BUGS DORSEY DARTS AWAY--AND AS HIS PURSUERS PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER...

...YOUR STATE PRISON BROADCAST CONTINUES AS THE BIG HOUSE BALLADEERS SING THEIR OWN COMPOSITION, "CROOKS CAN'T WIN!"

LISTEN, VIG! THAT BUMP CHANGED RADIO PROGRAMS FOR US!

JUST AS WELL! BUGS HAS TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START TO TRAIL HIM WITH NIGHT COMING UP!



WHERE A DEEP RAVINE SLASHES THROUGH WILD COUNTRY...

I SHOULD LET THE VIGILANTE TAKE ME BACK TO FINISH MY SENTENCE? HA!

HEADS UP! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!



TRY TO CLEAR THE ROCKS AND LAND ON YOUR FEET, STUFF!

WHAT? AND RISK SPRAINING AN ANKLE?



WHEN WE GET THROUGH THAT GATE, WE ARE GOING MIGHTY STRAIGHT, FACING HARDSHIPS WITH A GRIN--BECAUSE WE'VE LEARNED THAT CROOKS CAN'T WIN!

PRESENTLY, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...

BUGS WON'T BE OUT LONG, WARDEN! YOUR CALABOOSE QUARTET IS RIGHT--CROOKS CAN'T WIN!

WONDER IF THOSE HOOSEGOW HARMONIZERS ARE ON THE LEVEL ABOUT KEEPING ON THE LEVEL?

I HOPE THEY FIND JOBS.

MAYBE MY PAL, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, COULD HELP THEM!



NEXT DAY...

GOODBYE, BOYS! GREG SANDERS, HERE WILL DRIVE YOU TO TOWN!

HUH? THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR! IS THIS A GAG?

GAG NOTHING! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR YOUR RIDE BY SINGING ON MY TELEVISION PROGRAM AS GUEST STARS!

THERE'LL BE TALENT SCOUTS LISTENIN' IN! BUT DON'T FORGET--ANY LUCK THAT COMES YOUR WAY WILL LAST ONLY AS LONG AS YOU GO STRAIGHT!

BELIEVE US, SANDERS, NOTHING'S GOING TO MAKE US TURN CROOKED AGAIN, WHETHER OUR LUCK IS GOOD OR BAD!

THAT EVENING, AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR RIDES THE TV CHANNELS, THE PAROLED FOUR DON PRISON UNIFORMS ONCE AGAIN... BUT WILLINGLY...

WITH DITTIES FROM THE CALABOOSE, PACKED FULL OF LAUGHS AND TEARS, OUR STARS IN STRIPES WILL NOW CUT LOOSE-- THE BIG HOUSE BALLADEERS!

GAZIN' UPON THE MOO-OO-ODD THROUGH THE BARS...

SINGIN' A SORROWFUL TU-U-UUNE TO THE STARS...

WISHIN' SOMEBODY WOULD BRING A CHEERFUL NEW-EW-EWS!

TO KEEP US FROM HAVIN' TO SING, THAT SADDENING MADDENING THING... THE POWERFUL SORROWFUL BALL-AND-CHAIN BLUE-VE-UES!

THERE'S A SONG WITH REAL SENTIMENT IN IT!

AS THE PROGRAM ENDS, A BOOKING AGENT HAS A CONTRACT READY...

SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINES!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WE APPRECIATE THIS! IT'LL BE AN INSPIRATION TO A LOT OF OTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN IN STIR, TOO!

YES, THE CONVICT QUARTET'S GOOD LUCK DOES INSPIRE OTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN IN STIR-- INCLUDING THE FUGITIVE BUGS DORSEY...

RIGHT NEXT TO A JEWELRY STORE! WHAT A CHANCE TO PULL JOBS, WITH THEIR ACT AS AN ALIBI! I'LL WISE 'EM UP!



LATER, STUFF GLIMPSES A VAGUELY FAMILIAR FIGURE WITH THE PAROLED MEN...

I'D WISH 'EM LUCK, ONLY THEY'RE BUSY WITH SOMEBODY!... WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT BIRD BEFORE?



SOMETIME AFTERWARD...

WHAT A SAPH I AM! IT WAS BUGS DORSEY I SAW!

WHAT? ARE YOU SURE? THAT'S ENOUGH TO SEND THEM BACK TO PRISON AS PAROLE VIOLATORS!-- AND IT MAY EXPLAIN THIS ANONYMOUS NOTE!

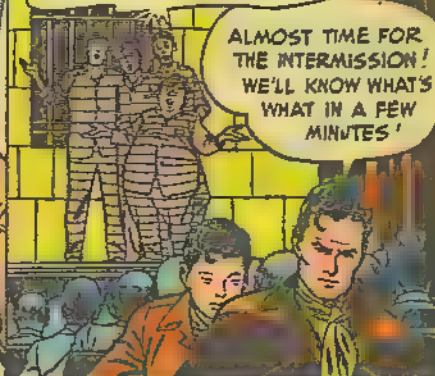
P.T.
Toss Vig to look for trouble at jewelry store next to Bygon Theatre during intermission tonight...
A Friend



THAT NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE...

ROCKPILE RHYTHM AND BALL AND CHAIN RHYME... MAKE A KIND OF MUSIC WHEN A FELLER'S DOING TIME...

ALMOST TIME FOR THE INTERMISSION! WE'LL KNOW WHAT'S WHAT IN A FEW MINUTES!



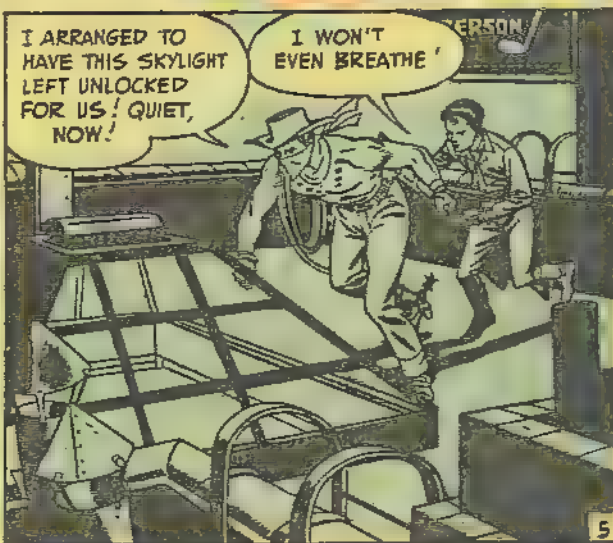
IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND THE THEATRE, GREG QUICKLY SWITCHES TO THE FIGHTING TOGS OF--THE VIGILANTE!

GOLLY, VIG-- IT'LL RUIN MY FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE IF THEY TURN OUT CROOKED, AFTER ALL YOU DID FOR 'EM!

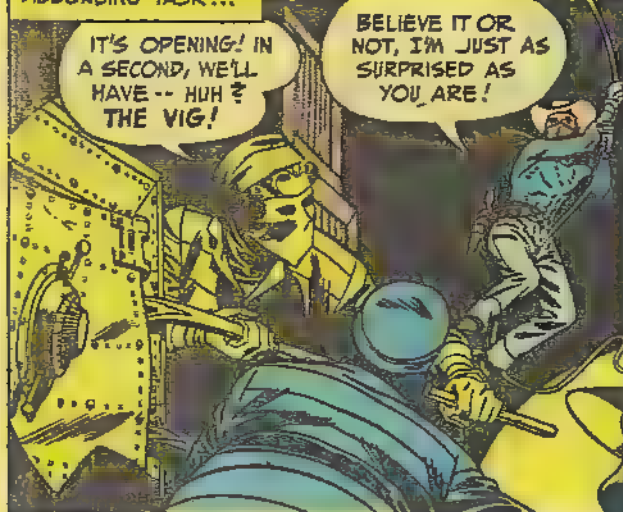


I ARRANGED TO HAVE THIS SKYLIGHT LEFT UNLOCKED FOR US! QUIET, NOW!

I WON'T EVEN BREATHE!



MOMENTS LATER, TWO SKILLED MECHANICS OF THE UNDERWORLD ARE INTERRUPTED IN THE MIDST OF AN ABSORBING TASK...



IT'S OPENING! IN A SECOND, WE'LL HAVE -- HUH? THE VIG!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'M JUST AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE!

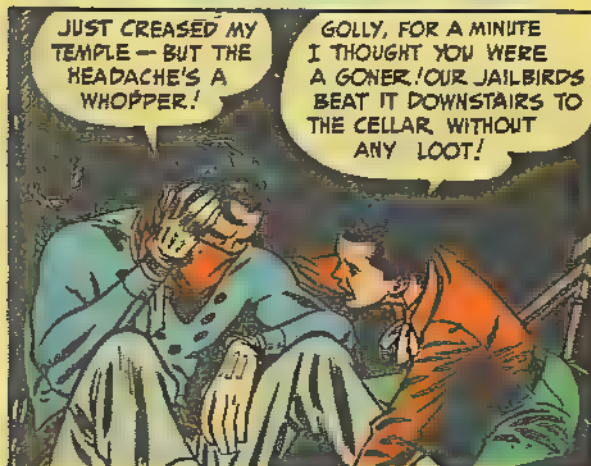
BUT A PISTOL IN THE HAND OF AN UNSEEN LOOKOUT ROARS -- AND...



TAKE OFF YOUR MASKS AND--

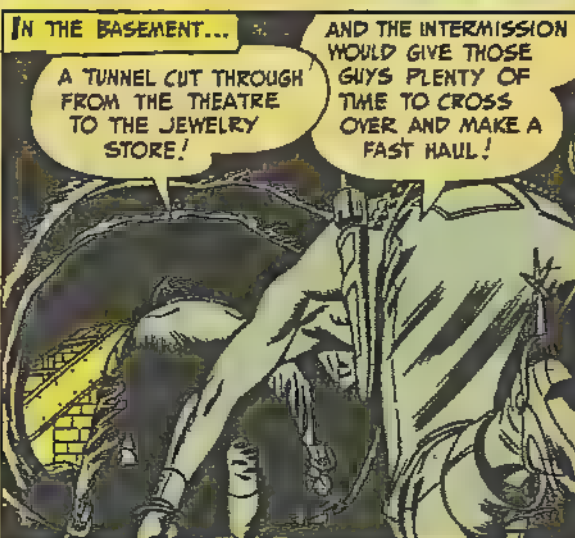
VIG! YOU'RE HIT!

CRACK



JUST CREASED MY TEMPLE -- BUT THE HEADACHE'S A WHOPPER!

GOLLY, FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER! OUR JAILBIRDS BEAT IT DOWNSTAIRS TO THE CELLAR WITHOUT ANY LOOT!



IN THE BASEMENT...

A TUNNEL CUT THROUGH FROM THE THEATRE TO THE JEWELRY STORE!

AND THE INTERMISSION WOULD GIVE THOSE GUYS PLENTY OF TIME TO CROSS OVER AND MAKE A FAST HAUL!

BUT, EVEN AS BUGS DORSEY FORESAW, THE BIG HOUSE BALLADEERS' ACT PROVIDES THEM WITH AN ALIBI...



RATHER A FAST TRIP YOU FELLOWS MADE NEXT DOOR AND BACK!

TRIP? I DON'T GET IT, VIG! WE BEEN STANDING RIGHT HERE TALKING TO THE DOORMAN EVER SINCE THE CURTAIN WENT DOWN! IS ANYTHING WRONG?



THAT'S RIGHT, VIGILANTE! I BEEN WITH 'EM EVERY MINUTE!

OH, OH-- THAT MEANS NOBODY WAS AT THE STAGE DOOR, VIG! ANYBODY COULD HAVE COME IN OR GONE OUT, DRESSED LIKE THESE GUYS!

THE CELLBLOCK SONGSTERS' NEXT BOOKING IS AT THE SWANK PENTHOUSE CAFE-- AND ON THE OPENING DAY...

ANYWAY, THERE'S NO PLACE NEXT DOOR TO BE ROBBED! THE CLUB HAS THE WHOLE TOP FLOOR!

HOW ABOUT THE CLUB ITSELF? IT TAKES IN PLENTY OF MONEY!



TRouble DEVELOPS EVEN BEFORE THE SHOW BEGINS...

BILL SYKES IS MISSING, AND THE MANAGER SAYS HE'LL BREAK OUR CONTRACT UNLESS WE HAVE A FULL QUARTET, P.T.!

IT'S A LOT TO ASK, BUT IF YOU'D FILL IN--



SO... THOUGH WE OFTEN LEARNED OUR LESSONS WITH A SIGH, AND WISHED OUR CAMPUS WALLS WERE NOT SO HIGH, WE'VE BEEN FINALLY GRADUATED-- AND TO PROVE WE'RE EDUCATED, WE ALL WEAR THE OLD SCHOOL TIE!

WHAT IF THIS IS A TRICK TO KEEP ME BUSY WHILE SYKES PULLS SOME KIND OF A FAST ONE?

GREG'S SURE WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING!



DURING INTERMISSION, GREG AS THE VIGILANTE, STARTS FOR THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

FOR ALL I KNOW, BILL OR SOMEBODY COULD ALREADY HAVE--

HUH? SO HERE YOU ARE, BILL! OR ARE YOU BILL?

NEVER MIND WHO I AM, VIG! JUST OPEN THAT DOOR AND STEP INTO THE CLOCK TOWER-- AND KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR GUNS!



IN THE GLOOMY INTERIOR OF THE TOWER, WHERE GIGANTIC CLOCKWORK COGS MOVE PONDEROUSLY...

THAT DOES IT MEN! IN ABOUT THREE MINUTES THE SHAFT WILL TURN SO HE SLIPS OFF AND DROPS 100 FEET. HAPPY LANDINGS, VIG!



SLOW AS FATE, THE WHEELS TURN ONE DEGREE EACH 10 SECONDS, BRINGING THE LAWMAN NEARER HIS DOOM! UNABLE EVEN TO CRY OUT, HE SEEKS DESPERATELY FOR A WAY OF ESCAPE ...

NOT A CHANCE, UNLESS I CAN FIND SOME WAY TO CALL FOR HELP! WHAT'S THAT?... ONE OF THE CHIMES!...

AS A WEIRD MEDLEY OF METALLIC NOTES RINGS THROUGH THE PENTHOUSE CAFE ...

THAT CLOCK'S WRONG!... BUT WAIT--IT ISN'T CHIMING THE WAY IT SHOULD! IT'S GONE CRAZY! I'D BETTER CHECK ON THIS!

STUFF! WHERE'S SANDERS? I DON'T KNOW EITHER. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CLOCK? ANSWER-- BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT! COME ALONG!



AND WITH HARDLY A SECOND TO SPARE ...

VIG! HOW IN THE WORLD--?

THREE RATS IN PRISON UNIFORMS HUNG ME HERE--AND I WAS READY TO CHECK OUT WHEN YOU SHOWED UP! MAYBE OUR SINGING PALS CAN TELL US MORE!



YEAH! NOW MURDER'S BEEN TRIED, WE'LL TALK-- EVEN IF WE LOSE OUR PAROLE! BUGS DORSEY SWORE HE'D FRAME US BECAUSE WE WOULDN'T HELP HIM STAGE ROBBERIES--

WE SENT THAT NOTE TO SANDERS WHEN BUGS TALKED OF ROBBING THE JEWELRY STORE, HOPING YOU'D CATCH HIM!



BILL SYKES WENT TO MEET BUGS TONIGHT, TO TRY TO REASON WITH HIM! HE NEVER CAME BACK-- AND WE DON'T KNOW WHERE BUGS IS HIDING OUT!

IF YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, YOUR PAROLE IS STILL OKAY-- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO FIND BUGS TO CLEAR YOU!



GRAB THOSE MEN, VIGILANTE! THEY ROBBED ME OF \$8,000! THEY HIT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A GUN AND--

EASY, FELLA! JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THREE OTHER HOMBRES!



AND THERE THEY GO-- PRISON STRIPES AND ALL-- HEADING TOWARD THE PARKWAY ENTRANCE IN A BIG SEDAN!

COME ON! THE QUICKEST WAY DOWN IS JUMPING-- BUT THE NEXT QUICKEST IS AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR!



NEXT MOMENT...

THERE'S NO EXIT FROM THE PARKWAY FOR OVER A MILE! WE CAN STILL CATCH THEM IF WE GIVE THIS GAS-EATING CAYUSE THE SPURS!

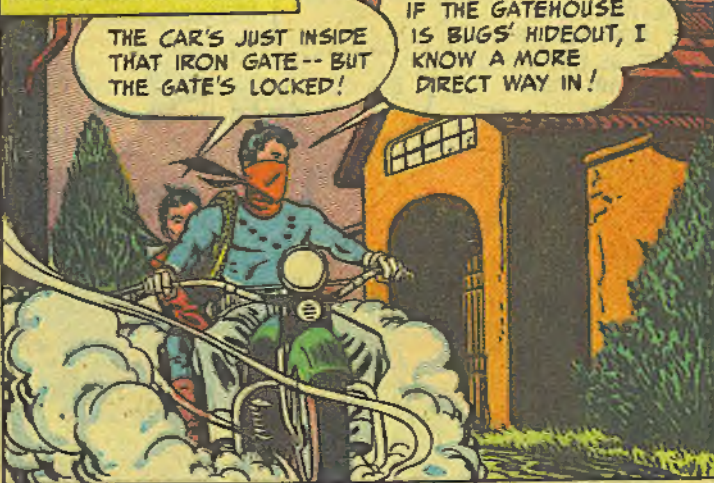
HEY! YOU ALMOST FORGOT ME!



A BREAKNECK CHASE NEARS ITS END MINUTES LATER AT THE GATEHOUSE OF A GONE-TO-SEED ESTATE, ONCE A MILLIONAIRE'S HOME...

THE CAR'S JUST INSIDE THAT IRON GATE-- BUT THE GATE'S LOCKED!

IF THE GATEHOUSE IS BUGS' HIDEOUT, I KNOW A MORE DIRECT WAY IN!



FIRST WE GET ON TOP OF THE WALL!

OH-H-H! HERE WE GO AGAIN!



THEN WE AIM FOR THE SKYLIGHT!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO HOPE WE HIT OR NOT!



UPSTAIRS IN THE GATEHOUSE ...

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE YOUR PALS LISTEN TO REASON, OR--?

YOU MEAN HELP YOU FRAME 'EM, LIKE YOU DID ME! I'M NO ANGEL, BUGS, BUT I WAS NEVER A DOUBLE-CROSSER-- AND I'M NOT STARTING NOW!



SUDDENLY...

MAYBE A LITTLE SOFTENING-UP WILL-- THE VIGILANTE! SHOOT HIM, MIKE!

TSK, TSK--IS THAT A WAY TO WELCOME OLD FRIENDS WHEN THEY DROP IN?



LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT FOR YOU, BUGS-- A FISTFUL OF INSECT EXTERMINATOR!

I'LL GET 'EM!



NICE OF YOU TO THINK OF THE FIREWORKS! THAT'LL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF CALLING THE POLICE!



AND ALL THAT IS LEFT FOR THE POLICE TO DO, WHEN THEY ARRIVE, IS TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL...

HERE'S YOUR FUGITIVE FROM THE BIG HOUSE, OFFICER-- A RAT WHO KNOWS IT'S TOUGH FOR AN EX-CON TO GO STRAIGHT, AND TRIES TO MAKE IT TOUGHER! AND HE'LL TAKE HIS TWO PALS BACK WITH HIM!



SO THE ADVENTURE ENDS, AS IT BEGAN, WITH SINGING --

OH 'SOME PLAY GAMES FOR SKY-HIGH STAKES, AND SOME PLAY PENNY-ANTE-- BUT THEY WHO GAMBLE WITH THE LAW MUST PAY THE VIGILANTE!



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ROUNDED ENDS.

AND THE BLUCHER
FRONT SCORES WITH
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